

MAY 1946 No. 4 10¢
★

Calling All **BOYS**



COMICS
STORIES
SPORTS
MOVIES

MAGIC TRICKS



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CALLING ALL BOYS *presents*



COMICS

Dig Bailey meets his toughest opponent when he battles the fiery menace of "SCORCHED DECKS."

"BASEBALL'S HOTTEST HURLER" tells the true story of Dizzy Dean, ace Cardinal pitcher.

Dusty Davis "GOES FISHING" with kid brother Pinky and Dad Davis. Guess who catches the most fish!



STORIES

"LUCKY SHOES," an exciting track yarn by Charles Spain Verrall.

"SHOT IN THE DARK" stars Beanie Butler, ace red-headed bellhop.

Part Four of the mystery serial, "SECRET OF BALDHEAD MOUNTAIN."

Colin Graham fights Makat's warriors in "PERIL OUTPOST."



SPORTS

"KING OF THE COURTS" pays due tribute to Big Bill Tilden, the greatest of all tennis champs.

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George Eastment, famed high school track coach, conducts this month's "COACH'S CORNER."



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Presenting this month's boy headliners: "BOYS IN THE NEWS."

"MOVIES YOU'LL LIKE," an all-star lineup of swell movies.

Style previews by SANDY SERGEANT, boys' fashions expert.

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Lucky Shoes

By CHARLES SPAIN VERRAL

Starret surged past Roger like a streak of lightning!

Everybody at Centerville High expected Roger Fenton to win the quarter-mile, as his famous father had, years ago

CENTERVILLE High School had a quarter-mile cinder track which looped in a graceful oval around the football gridiron. The track had been built years ago by the students; themselves. They had levelled the ground, laid drainage tiles, and rolled the cinders into a good hard surface. Since then, a lot of runners had raced across its dull black face. And a good many records had been hung up.

Roger Fenton had heard about this track for as long as he could remember. His father had helped build it. And his father, too, had dug his spiked shoes into its cinders to establish a school record for the quarter-mile that had never been beaten.

Roger was thinking of that record as he dog-trotted away from the Centerville track one chill April afternoon. He was a tall thin boy of sixteen with sloping shoulders and long legs that seemed

even longer in his brief running shorts. Behind him, Coach Black and the rest of the Centerville team were also leaving the field after the last practice session before the all-important meet with Palmer High the next day.

Eyes clouded, Roger hurried along the path which skirted the school and entered the locker room in the basement. By the time his team mates had come in, he had stripped and headed for the showers.

He turned on the hot spray. But, even so, the chill that gripped his body remained. Tomorrow, his father would be home on leave from the Navy. He would come to the track meet, hoping to see his son crash through to win the quarter-mile—the race that had made *him* a school hero.

But win? Roger's lips tightened. He could never

do it! Just because his Dad had been such a star didn't mean that his son would be. And it wasn't fair for everyone in the school to expect it either.

Yet it had been like that since January when his father had been shifted by the Navy to sea duty and Roger and his mother had moved to Centerville to live with his Dad's parents.

Roger remembered vividly his first day at Centerville High. How Coach Black had sought him out and gripped him by the hand.

"I was on the same track team with your Dad," he had told Roger. "And I'll sure be glad to have Frank Fenton's son running for me."

"But, gosh, sir," Roger had said. "I'm no track man."

The coach had laughed. "That's what you think. No son of 'Flying' Fenton could stay away from those cinders. I'm aiming you to take the quarter, just like your Dad did."

Roger had tried to protest, to tell the coach that, although he had done a little running, he wasn't champ stuff.

But Coach Black had just grinned. "Don't give me that. Look at your build . . . your legs. What size shoe do you wear, anyway?"

"Nine and a half."

The coach's grin had broadened. "Well, I'll be swizzled. The same size as your Dad. Those feet were made to run."

So Roger had turned out for track. He had followed the coach's instructions, worked at getting his muscles and wind in shape. He had turned in a passable performance in the try-outs. But his heart hadn't been in it. For, deep within him, he knew he could never come up to his Dad. And it would show up tomorrow in his first track meet. He'd be against Starret, the flashy 440 man of Palmer High. The guy, rumor had it, who had done the quarter mile in 0.51.

He wouldn't be able to give Starret a race, let alone beat him. He'd fail before the whole school; worse than that—before his Dad.

Roger turned the shower on higher. He wasn't the only one who thought he hadn't a chance. Why just yesterday he had over-

heard Coach Black talking to the math teacher. "I'm worried about Roger," the coach had said. "He hasn't got what his father had. Not by a long shot."

Wasn't that plain enough that the coach realized he was a wash-out? It would be stupid to run the quarter-mile tomorrow and make himself and his father look like fools. There was only one thing to do.

And, as soon as he had dressed, Roger drew Coach Black aside. "I'm not running tomorrow, Coach," he said. "I'm leaving the team."

The coach's kindly face hardened. "Cut that talk out," he said. "You're running if I have to ride on your back!"

"But I can't! I'll never beat Starret. I'm not . . . well . . . like my Dad."

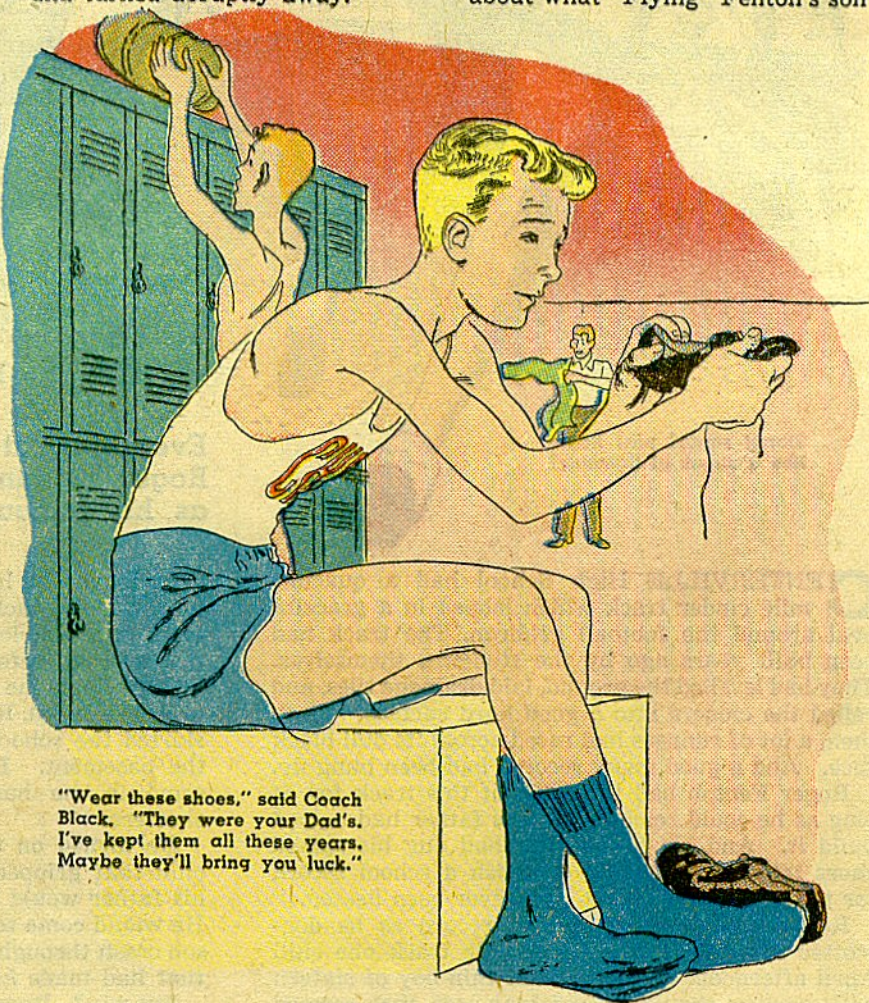
"You're as good as you think you are. Report here tomorrow at one o'clock," Coach Black said, and turned abruptly away.

But as Roger left the locker room he saw the coach staring after him, a thoughtful, quizzical look in his eyes.

No one was at the house when Roger reached his grandmother's. He noticed a telegram lying open on the hall table. It was addressed to his mother and read: HOPE TO BE HOME TOMORROW IN TIME FOR THE TRACK MEET. WEAR YOUR BEST BONNET. LOVE. It was signed: DAD.

Roger went miserably up to his room, the room his Dad had used as a boy. Old school pennants decorated the walls. There were framed photographs of his father receiving the Wallace Cup for winning that record-breaking quarter mile. Pictures of him in track uniform.

Roger stared at the photographs. He'd been a fool to go out for track. He'd been railroaded into it because of his father's reputation and all the ballyhoo about what "Flying" Fenton's son



"Wear these shoes," said Coach Black. "They were your Dad's. I've kept them all these years. Maybe they'll bring you luck."

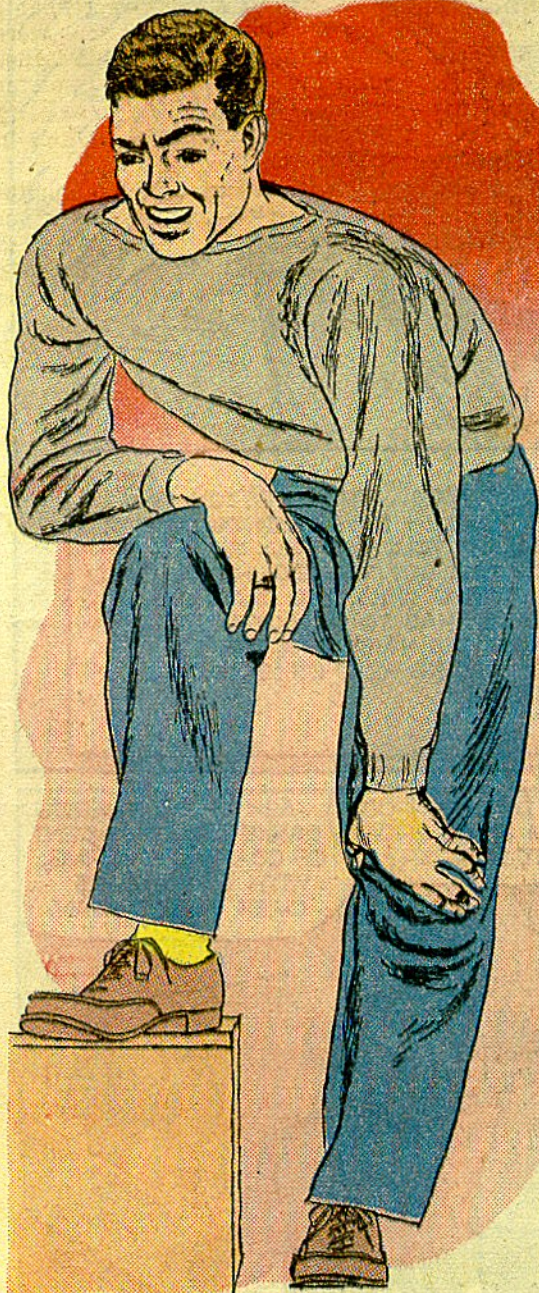
was going to do. What a jam he was in!

Of course, he might leave town. But running away wasn't the answer.

The sun had dipped behind the hills when Roger began to get another idea. The more he thought about it, the better it seemed. He could enter the race, all right. But what if he didn't finish? What if he had to drop out because of a cramp or a pulled muscle? That would save his face and his father's, too. No one would blame him. It would just be tough luck, the breaks of the game.

By bedtime, Roger had made up his mind that that was the answer and he was determined to do it. But he had a hard time getting to sleep.

The next day Roger reported at one o'clock in



the locker room. The rest of the squad was there. Roger methodically pulled on his track suit. Yet his hands trembled and there was an all-gone feeling in his stomach.

When he had left home, his Dad had not arrived. Perhaps his train would be late and he'd miss the meet. It would be much better that way.

As Roger sat down to put on his racing shoes, Coach Black came over. "Wear these," he said, dropping a pair of track shoes at Roger's feet. "They were your father's. I've kept them all these years. Maybe they'll bring you luck."

Roger picked them up. They were old and battered but still in good shape. Each shoe had a name lettered inside: "FLYING" FENTON.

"Put 'em on," the coach said. "They'll fit."

Roger obeyed. The shoes fitted well. They clung snugly to his feet, almost as if they'd been made for him. He'd better wear them just to humor the coach and to make everything look on the up and up.

Of course, that business of them bringing him good luck was a lot of foolishness. He couldn't win, no matter what he wore. And nothing was going to make him change his mind about dropping out of the race, either.

But out on the field Roger was jittery and nervous. He had only a blurred memory of the meet. The mob of spectators that filled the bleachers. The wild cheering from both sides as first Centerville won the sprints, then Palmer took the hurdles and pole vault to tie the score.

Roger watched but his mind was on only one thing—the quarter-mile, the last event of the day. He rehearsed what he must do to make his falling out look real. He'd have to break fast from the starting line, somehow keep up with Starret in that opening sprint; hold his position around the first turn. Starret would be sure to ease up along the back stretch to save his strength for the final straightaway dash. But Roger wouldn't ease up! He'd *sprint* down the back alley! He'd go all out, pass Starret, stay ahead until the last turn. Then, just before the home stretch, he'd break stride, stumble, fall. He'd be all in anyway. He wouldn't have to fake much.

The schedule of events moved on, with first one school getting ahead, then the other. Finally the announcer's amplified voice boomed out, "Centerville and Palmer tied on points. Final race—the quarter mile."

Coach Black motioned to Roger and the other two Centerville quarter-milers. "All right," he said. "Get going. Whoever wins this—wins the meet. It's up to you." He looked directly at Roger.

Roger didn't meet his eye. He turned and headed for the starting line.

In the draw for positions, Roger got the second lane, right next to Starret. The rangy Palmer star had the favorite pole position.

A nerve at the base of Roger's throat began hammering as he planted his spikes in the starting holes. He heard the official bark, "Get set!"

He tensed, staring up the track, wondering whether his father and mother (Continued on page 58)

DIG BAILEY

AND THE MYSTERY OF THE "SCORCHED DECKS"



FIRST, FIRE... THEN A DETONATING EXPLOSION! DAVEY JONES' LOCKER WOULD TELL AN UGLY TALE IF IT COULD... BUT THE SEA HOLDS ITS SECRETS WELL AND CAP'N DIG BAILEY HAS TO DIG OUT ALL THE ANSWERS HIMSELF IN THE BLISTERING HEAT OF "SCORCHED DECKS."

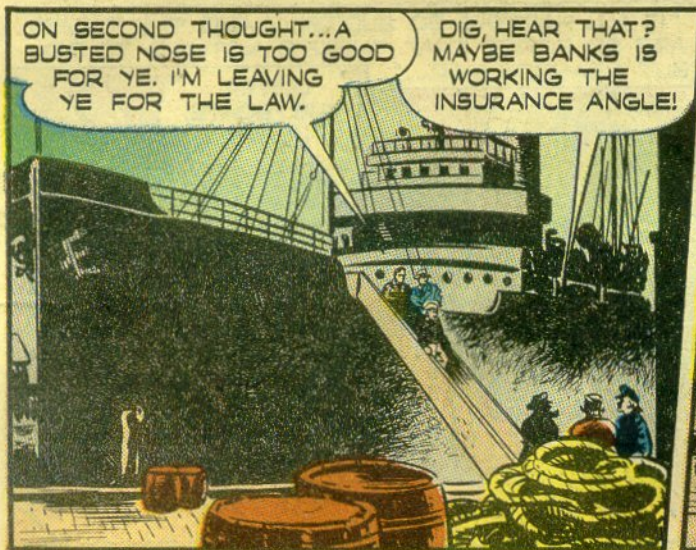
I DON'T LIKE IT, CAP'N DIG. TAKING ONE OF COASTAL'S SHIPS OUT OF THE HARBOR IS TOO MUCH LIKE LEADING SHEEP TO SLAUGHTER.

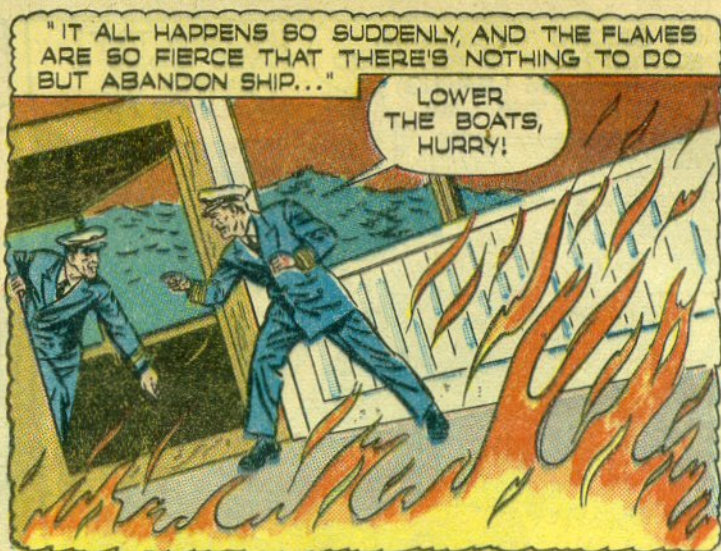
YOU'RE RIGHT ZEKE! THE "RED BANNER'S" A BAD RISK, AFTER THE WAY THE OTHER TWO SHIPS CAUGHT FIRE.

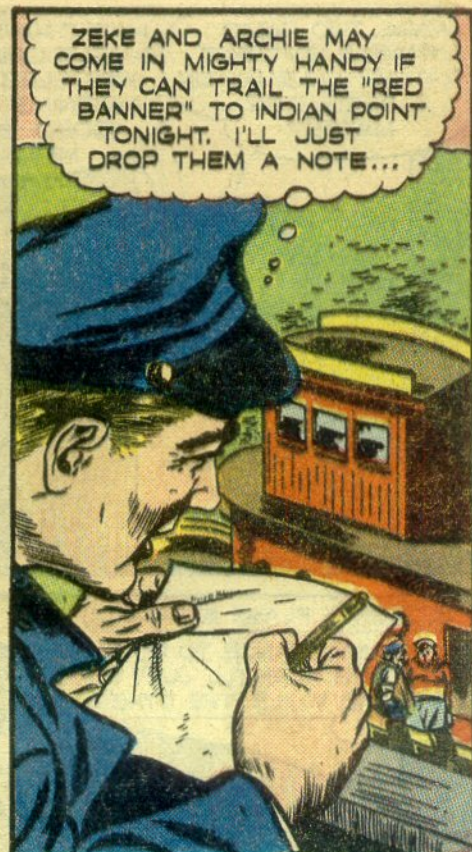
HOW D'YE SUPPOSE THEM FIRES BROKE OUT, SKIPPER?

ASK THEM! THERE'S BANKS NOW, PRESIDENT OF COASTAL SHIPPING, WITH GRIMES, HIS CHIEF ELECTRICIAN.









HMMM...TWO RADIO ANTENNAS. ISN'T THAT RATHER UNUSUAL ON A FREIGHTER, MATES?

AWW, THAT'S ONE OF CHARLIE GRIMES' IDEAS. INSTALLED IT THIS MORNING AS AN ADDED SAFETY MEASURE.



LATER, AS DARKNESS FALLS...

THERE ARE EXPLOSIVES HIDDEN SOMEWHERE ABOARD, AND I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM BEFORE WE REACH INDIAN POINT.



SUDDENLY, FLAME BREAKS OUT!

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO DO SOME DETECTIVE WORK. I'LL JUST STAY ON BOARD WHILE THE OTHERS LEAVE.



ABANDON SHIP, MEN. WE'RE TAKING NO CHANCES.



A MINUTE LATER...

THIS WIRE SEEMS TO LEAD FROM THE ANTENNAS TO THE RADIO ROOM. I WONDER IF IT HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE FIRE...



UNEXPECTEDLY...

SMART GUY, EH? WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE HANGING AROUND!

WHAT?



CONTINUED ON PAGE 49.

A Beanie Butler
Adventure

SHOT in the Dark

What was gangster Bugs Malone doing in Central City? That was one of the questions Beanie Butler had to answer

By ED LAWSON

A TAXI stopped before the Central City Hotel. Beanie Butler, the hotel's red-haired bellboy, snapped the door open and began to unload a huge stack of strange-shaped luggage. Although the bags were full of dust and grime, and smeared all over with dull stickers from obscure hotels in England, France, and Germany, Beanie handled each with deft care. When all were shifted to the sidewalk, the occupant stepped from the curb. He was a thin, middle-aged man who moved painfully, dragging his left leg in a cast and leaning heavily upon a cane.

Miss Delia Warren, the room clerk, eyed the man curiously as he limped toward her desk. And when he signed the register as "Milton Robin, Central City," she looked up at him sharply.

"I was sure I recognized you!" she exclaimed. "Weren't you the 'Gazette's' photographer?"

The new guest nodded curtly. "That's right," he said.

"I read all about you several months ago," Miss Delia went on blithely. "You've been overseas.

Not fighting but—just taking pictures."

Milton Robin nodded. "That's right," he murmured. "Just taking pictures."

"And you're hurt! Poor man!"

"I'm not complaining, Ma'am. Just give me a room so I can get off this trick leg."

After Beanie had taken Milton Robin up in the elevator, Miss Delia called to him.

"Beanie," she said, "there's some strange reason why that man is staying here. He has a family in Central City. He's been overseas three years. Why doesn't he go home?"

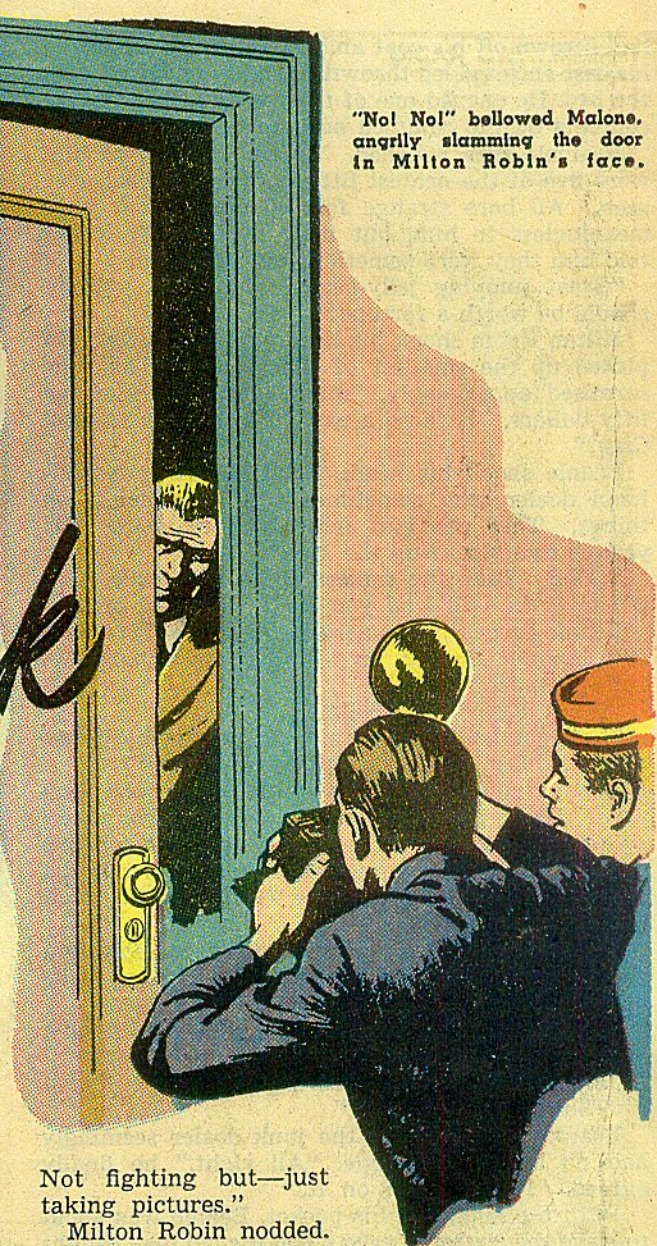
Beanie shrugged. "Maybe he wants a good night's sleep before he meets his family."

"Oh, dear!" Miss Delia murmured. "I wonder if I should report this to somebody."

"There's really nothing to report," said Beanie.

By the time he reached Milton Robin's room with the photographer's luggage, the exhausted little man

"No! No!" bellowed Malone, angrily slamming the door in Milton Robin's face.



had thrown off his coat and settled in an armchair, his cast-enclosed leg thrown straight and stiff across the bed. He opened one of the bags and emptied its contents on the rumpled bedspread.

Beanie's eyes widened. Spread out before him were five of the neatest little cameras he had ever seen. All bore strange foreign names that were meaningless to him, but their large, clear lenses told him they were something extra-special.

"Great jumping jelly-beans!" he cried. "They should be worth a fortune!"

Milton Robin shook his head. "Not exactly." He picked up the smallest of the group. "This," he surmised appraisingly, "might bring as much as fifty dollars. Is there a pawnshop here in Central City?"

Beanie shook his head. "But there's a second-hand dealer who sometimes will lend money on things. They call him John the junk man. His yard is two blocks up the street."

"Good. Take the camera there and bring back whatever he will lend you on it. I'm flat broke."

Beanie turned the camera in his hands. It had a fast Compur shutter, an *f* 3.5 lens and a compact built-in finder.

"It's a dilly!" he exclaimed.

"I see you know your cameras," the photographer agreed. "Get the best loan you can on it."

Beanie hurried down the street toward the junk yard. He clutched the camera tightly. For many years he'd dreamed of owning a precision job like this and wandering through the countryside, taking pictures of the lonely hills, the bare trees, the winding, ice-caked river.

His dream faded as the lantern-jawed junk man looked at the camera disinterestedly, yanking at its delicate controls with gnarled, rough fingers.

"I'll let you borrow ten on it," he granted finally. "Or buy it from you for fifteen."

"It's worth fifty," Beanie urged.

"That's my best price."

Beanie hesitated, but the junk dealer seemingly had no desire to haggle. "All right," he finally agreed. "I'll take ten on it."

With the money in his pocket, Beanie was about to leave the cluttered yard when the old man caught him by the coat lapel.

"Listen, kid," he said nervously. "I'm not asking where you got that camera, or whether it belongs to you or not." His hand was trembling nervously. "But I got to get a gun. A tommy gun! And I need it quick!"

Beanie pulled his coat from the old man's palsied grasp.

"How would I get a tommy gun?" he asked.

"Same way you got the camera."

Beanie shrugged. "If you think I'm a thief, you're wrong," he said. "Besides, if the police caught you with a tommy gun . . ."

The old man nodded abjectly. "Sure, I know what would happen. But the gun's not for me. It's for an old pal. The sort of pal who'd kill me if I don't deliver!"

"Oh!" said Beanie, slightly flabbergasted. "You're off the beam, so far as I'm concerned. And if you
12



ask me, Pop, you'd better watch your step. Dealing with a pal like that will get you into trouble."

"It's not a deal," the junk man said. His voice was weak and quavery. "It's orders. And when this guy gives orders, you don't play around!"

Frightened by the old man's desperation, Beanie turned to go. "Leave me out of this!" he said, and dashed from the littered junk yard.

Down the street he ran headlong into Perry Fellows, star reporter for the *Central City Gazette*.

"What's new at the hotel?" Perry asked, turning to walk beside him. "Any guests that I could interview?"

"There's Milton Robin," Beanie said.

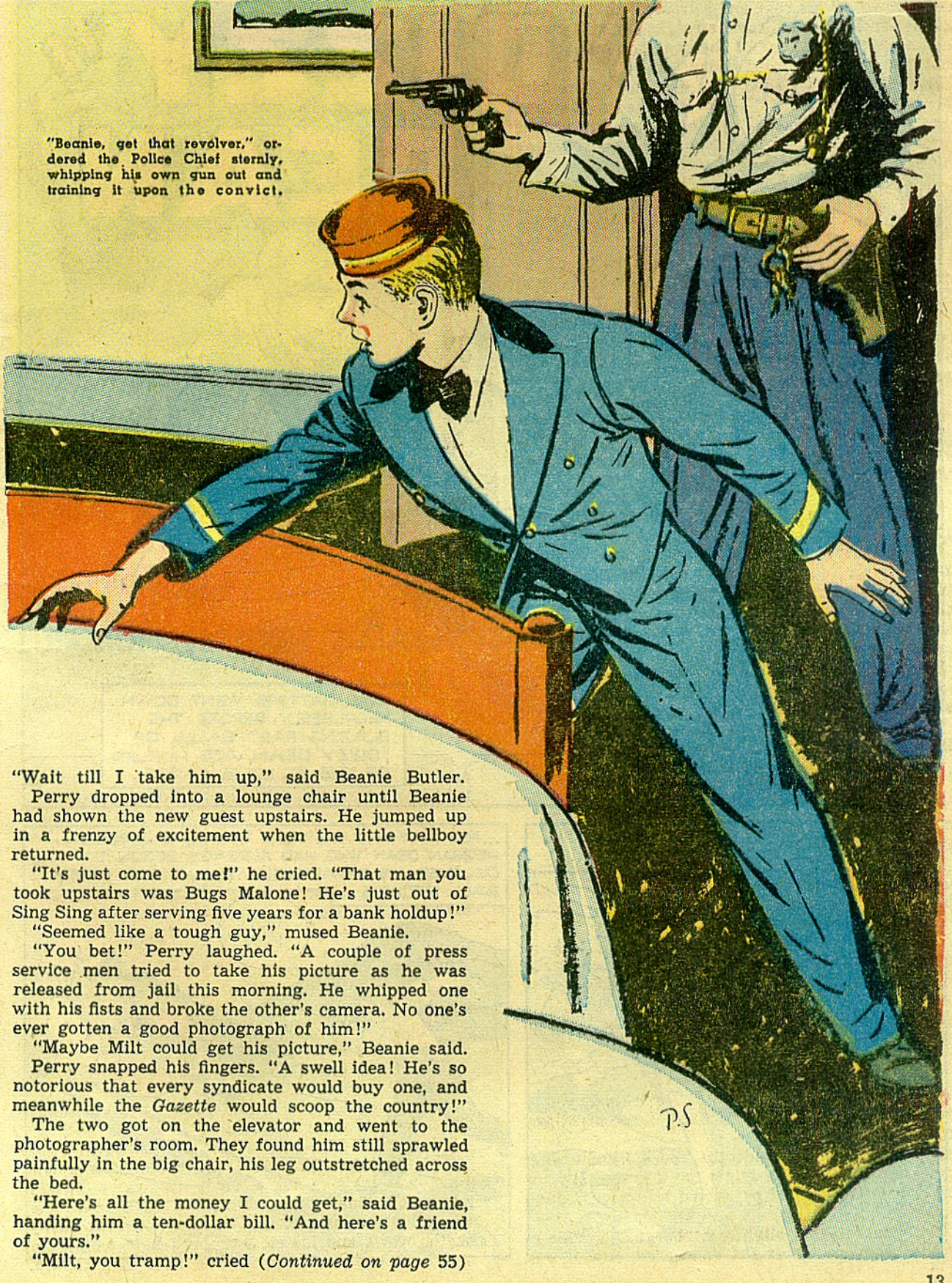
"The *Gazette's* ex-photographer?"

"That's right. He's just back from overseas. All banged up!"

"Funny he didn't let us know that he was coming! Think he'd like his old job back?"

"Why don't you come along and ask him?"

The two hurried to the hotel. In the lobby a new guest was waiting for a room. He was a husky, pugnacious-looking man dressed in a loud suit. His sharp black eyes glowered sullenly beneath bushy beetle brows and his close-cropped hair seemed to stand on end as he paced the floor impatiently.



"Beanie, get that revolver," ordered the Police Chief sternly, whipping his own gun out and training it upon the convict.

"Wait till I take him up," said Beanie Butler.

Perry dropped into a lounge chair until Beanie had shown the new guest upstairs. He jumped up in a frenzy of excitement when the little bellboy returned.

"It's just come to me!" he cried. "That man you took upstairs was Bugs Malone! He's just out of Sing Sing after serving five years for a bank holdup!"

"Seemed like a tough guy," mused Beanie.

"You bet!" Perry laughed. "A couple of press service men tried to take his picture as he was released from jail this morning. He whipped one with his fists and broke the other's camera. No one's ever gotten a good photograph of him!"

"Maybe Milt could get his picture," Beanie said.

Perry snapped his fingers. "A swell idea! He's so notorious that every syndicate would buy one, and meanwhile the *Gazette* would scoop the country!"

The two got on the elevator and went to the photographer's room. They found him still sprawled painfully in the big chair, his leg outstretched across the bed.

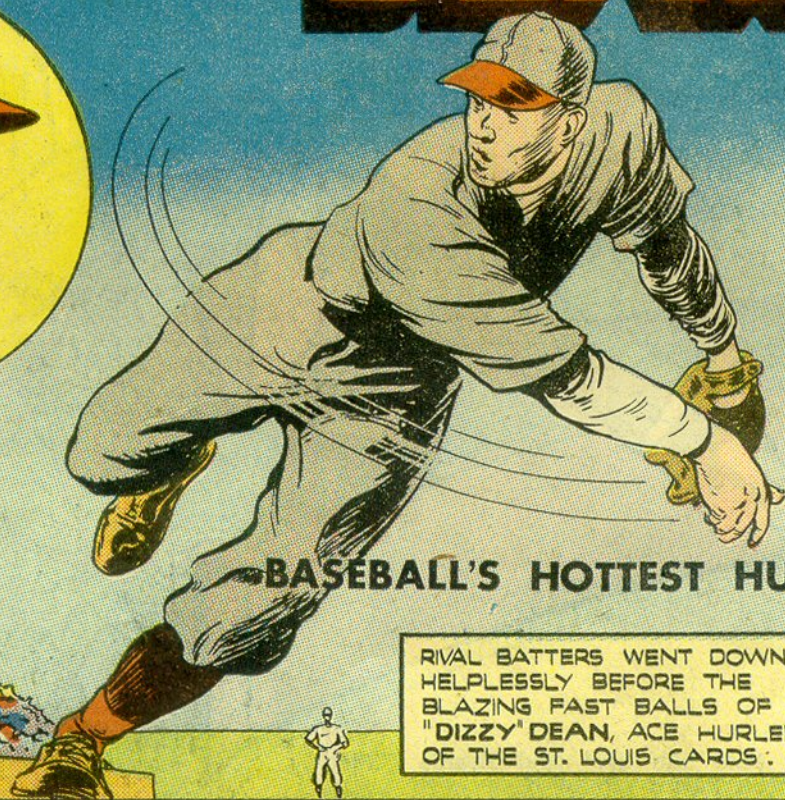
"Here's all the money I could get," said Beanie, handing him a ten-dollar bill. "And here's a friend of yours."

"Milt, you tramp!" cried (Continued on page 55)

P.S



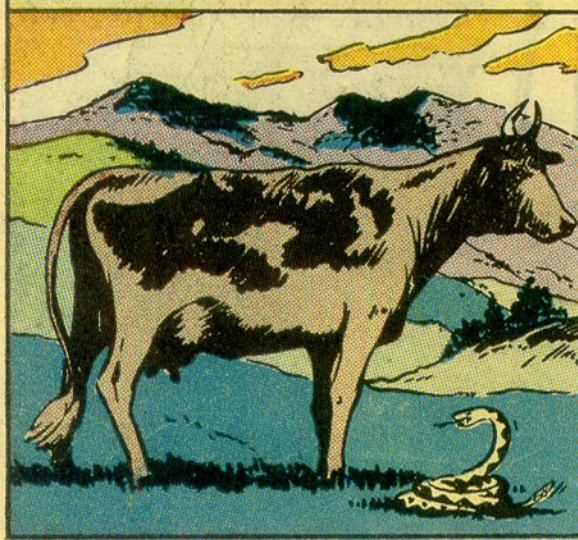
"DIZZY" DEAN



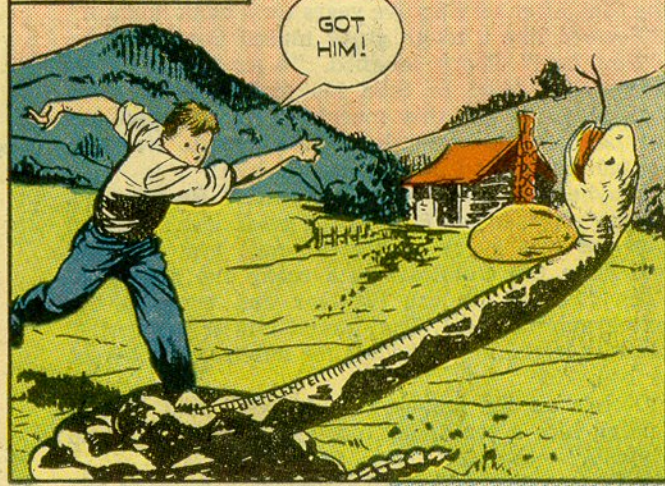
BASEBALL'S HOTTEST HURLER

RIVAL BATTERS WENT DOWN
HELPLESSLY BEFORE THE
BLAZING FAST BALLS OF
"DIZZY" DEAN, ACE HURLER
OF THE ST. LOUIS CARDS.

SPAULDING, ARK., IN THE 1920'S WAS AN
UNHAPPY PLACE FOR DEADLY SNAKES...



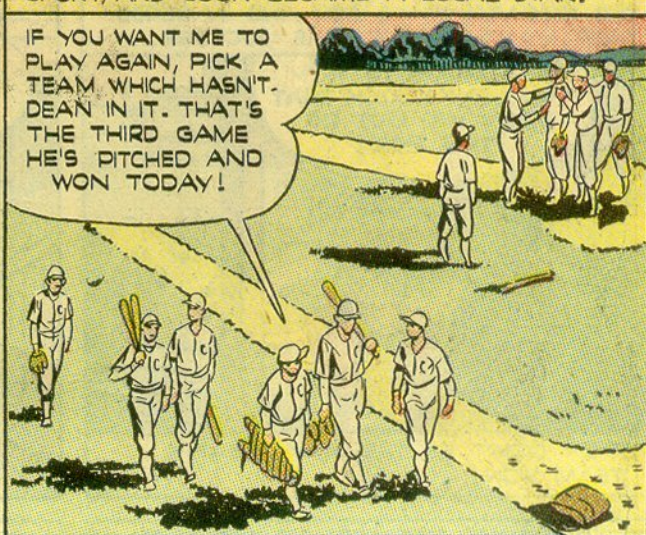
...FOR THAT WAS THE HOME OF YOUNG JEROME
HERMAN DEAN, WHO HAD ALREADY BEGUN TO
DISCOVER HIS REMARKABLE TALENT FOR FAST-
BALL PITCHING.



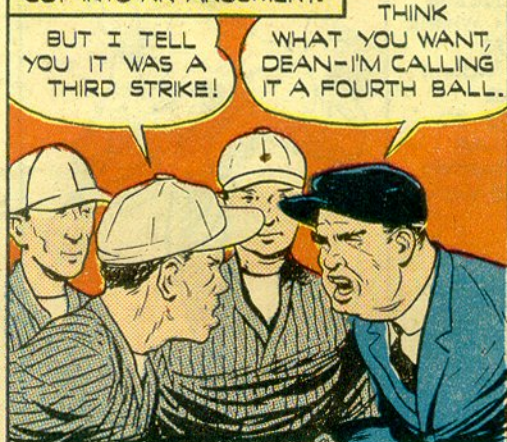
ONE DAY, AT A SCHOOL ATHLETIC PERIOD, HE RECEIVED HIS FIRST BASEBALL LESSON.



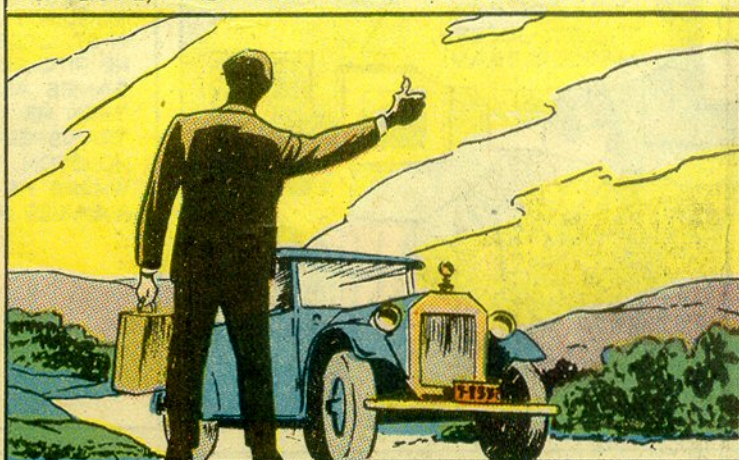
HE BECAME GREATLY INTERESTED IN THE SPORT, AND SOON BECAME A LOCAL STAR.



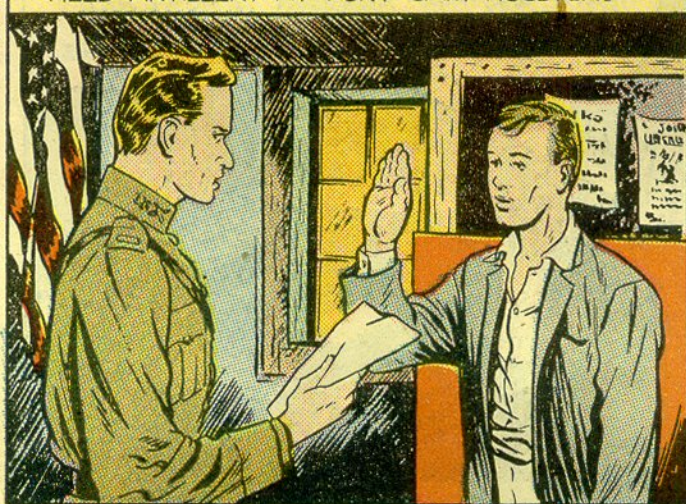
HE REMAINED IN ARKANSAS UNTIL HE WAS SIXTEEN. THEN ONE DAY HE GOT INTO AN ARGUMENT.



LOSING HIS TEMPER, YOUNG DEAN BID HIS FAMILY GOODBYE, AND HITCH-HIKED TO TEXAS.



HE CONCEALED HIS AGE AND ENLISTED IN THE FIELD ARTILLERY AT FORT SAM HOUSTON.



SOON HE BEGAN TO PITCH FOR THE POST TEAM.



HE GOT HIS FAMOUS NICKNAME WHEN HE PITCHED AN EXHIBITION GAME AGAINST THE CHICAGO WHITE SOX AND ANGERED THEIR MANAGER WITH HIS SUCCESS...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU MEN? KNOCK THAT DIZZY KID OUT OF THE BOX!



THEY DIDN'T, BY THE WAY. DEAN'S TEAM WON!

FOLLOWING HIS DISCHARGE, HE WAS GIVEN A CONTRACT.

WE'RE GOING TO START YOU OFF WITH THE ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI, TEAM!



AT ANOTHER GAME, HE ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ST. LOUIS CARDINALS.

SAY— THAT BOY'S GOOD! I'M GOING TO MENTION HIM IN MY SCOUTING REPORT!



HE WAS AN IMMEDIATE SUCCESS IN ST. JOSEPH WHERE HE PITCHED 25 GAMES AND WON 17. THEN HE WAS TRANSFERRED TO HOUSTON, TEXAS, WHERE HE STARTED 8 GAMES AND WON 6.



LATE THAT YEAR, THE CARDS SENT FOR HIM TO PITCH ONE TRIAL GAME AGAINST THE PITTSBURGH PIRATES. HE HELD THEM DOWN TO ONE RUN.

GREAT WORK, DEAN. WE'RE RETURNING YOU TO THE MINORS FOR A LITTLE WHILE BUT YOU'LL SOON BE BACK WITH US AS A REGULAR!



FULLY MATURED, "DIZZY" RETURNED TO THE CARDS TO OPEN THE 1932 SEASON. HE DID A FINE JOB.

THAT'S ANOTHER STRIKEOUT FOR DEAN!

I HEAR HE'S LEADING ALL OTHER PITCHERS!



THE FOLLOWING YEAR, HE DELIGHTED FANS BY STRIKING OUT 17 BATTERS IN ONE GAME—AN ALL-TIME RECORD—AND 199 IN THE SEASON, ANOTHER RECORD!

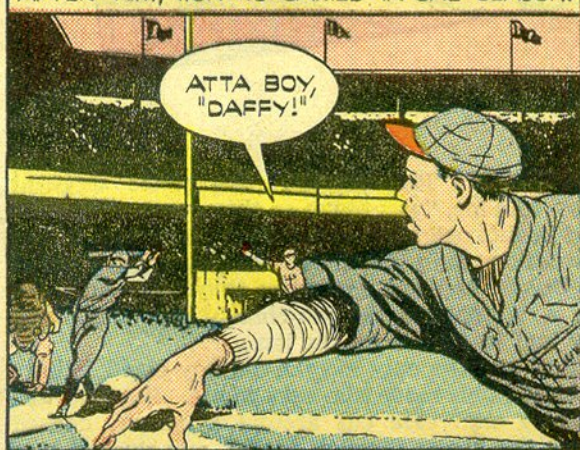
WHERE'S THE BALL?
WHAT HAPPENED
TO IT?

HERE IT IS,
SON—RIGHT IN
MY MITT!

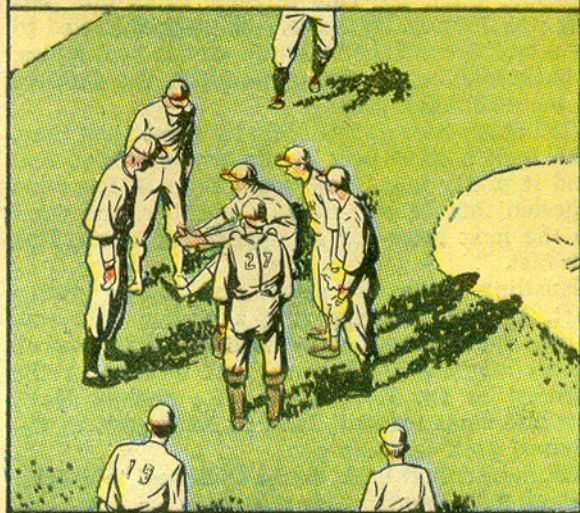


HE WAS ALWAYS FORGIVEN, AND WITH HIS BROTHER, "DAFFY," WHO JOINED THE CARDS AFTER HIM, WON 45 GAMES IN ONE SEASON.

ATTA BOY,
"DAFFY!"



IN 1937, HE SUFFERED A FOOT INJURY WHICH SLOWED HIM UP AND EVENTUALLY FORCED HIM TO LEAVE THE MAJORS.



"DIZ" BECAME FAMOUS FOR PULLING SCREWY STUNTS BETWEEN CLASSIC BALL GAMES...

WHY WEREN'T YOU
AT THE ELMIRA
EXHIBITION GAME?
I'M FINING YOU \$100!

BUT, CHIEF—IT
WASN'T MY FAULT!
I GOT ON THE WRONG
TRAIN AND WOKE UP
IN PITTSBURGH!



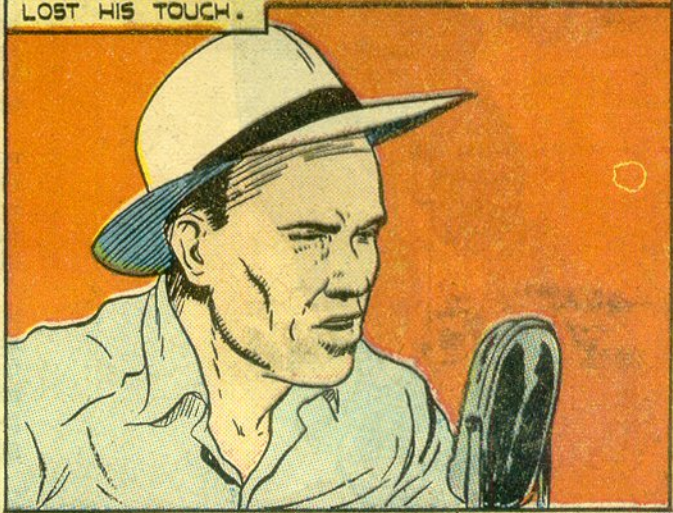
A HIGH POINT OF "DIZZY'S" CAREER WAS HIS 11-0 VICTORY OVER THE TIGERS IN THE LAST GAME OF THE 1934 WORLD SERIES.

WE'RE CHAMPS,
"DIZZY"! AND YOU
DID IT!

HEY, LET ME
DOWN, FELLAS!



TODAY "DIZZY" DEAN IS A SPORTS BROADCASTER, AND PITCHES OCCASIONAL EXHIBITION GAMES. FANS SAY THE OLD MASTER STILL HASN'T LOST HIS TOUCH.



Boys' Clubs of



THIS kid Red Turner," the police sergeant told me, "was tough as they come. When he lived in this neighborhood, fifteen years ago, it was a lot wilder than it is now. Red led a gang called the Dukes, and one day when they were breaking into a warehouse the watchman saw them and they had to take it on the lam.

"Red was the only kid the old boy could follow; his bright hair made him easy to see. But Red was a smart one! He cut around a corner, dashed across the street through traffic, and ducked into the Boys' Club. He figured that no one would ever look for him in there.

"He was sitting in a lounge chair, gazing at a magazine, when the club director came up. His name was John B. Ransome, and he invited Red to take a look around the building—at the pool tables, the basketball courts, the gymnasium, the showers and the swimming pool.

"Red didn't dare go back into the street just then, so he took a good look at the whole works, and found it pretty nice. But when John B. Ransome suggested that he sign up as a member, and went into the next room for an application blank, Red blew fast.

"Hustling down the street and feeling pretty smart, he ran headlong into a copper who was hunting for the warehouse thieves. This copper couldn't stomach Red's yarn that he'd spent the afternoon at the Boys' Club. He frisked Red's pants and came up with John B. Ransome's monogrammed gold fountain pen!

"He hauled Red back to the Club and told John B. what he'd found. The club director looked at

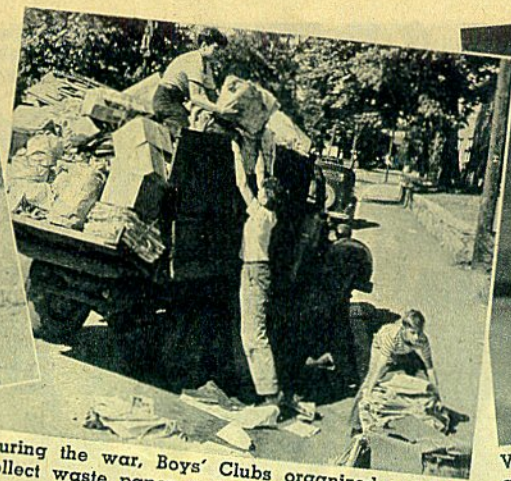
AMERICA

Thousands of boys who once roamed city streets in tough gangs have joined Boys' Clubs, to find sports, hobbies and a new slant on life

By ED LAWSON



These Boys' Club members take a day off for a bike hike in the country.



During the war, Boys' Clubs organized units to collect waste paper and salvage war materials.



Watch those sparks! He's learning a useful craft in the Club workshop.

him, then looked at Red. He paused a long time. Then he told that cop a bare-faced tale. He said he'd loaned that pen to Red, and maybe Red had just forgotten to return it.

"That was the first time in his life that anyone had given Red a real break. It stayed on the kid's mind all night, and next day he joined the Boys' Club. And when he did, John B. Ransome was so pleased he gave Red the monogrammed gold pen!"

The sergeant paused. I wondered if that were the finish of Red's story. "What happened to the other members of the gang?" I asked.

The police sergeant shook his head. "The Dukes left Red alone like poison after he joined the Boys' Club. They liked the streets, the easy dough, too much. One of 'em died a few years later, in a State Reformatory. Another stopped a bullet in a stickup. I arrested one myself last week, and believe me, I'd have given two months pay to duck that job!"

He said it as if he meant it and I wondered why, because arresting people was part of his daily work. But then I spied a beautiful gold fountain pen clipped to his breast pocket. It bore the monogrammed initials, J.B.R. Suddenly it came to me. "Hey, Sarge," I said. "You're Red!"

The policeman nodded. "That's right," he admitted. "And this pen is the very one that John B. Ransome gave me, fifteen years ago!"

I went to see John Ransome shortly after that, and took a look around the Boys' Club. It was located in a neighborhood of congested streets and alleys, where gangs had roamed a few years back, stealing fruit and vegetables, hitching rides on passing trucks, and holding up small boys for their change.

These roving gangs weren't around when I drew near the club, and once I got in the reason was apparent. Nearly all were inside! Some were playing games like table pool, ping pong, checkers, dominoes and chess. Others were in the swimming pool or taking showers. Quite a few were in the gym, playing basketball or handball. There was one big class in airplane model-making, another in dramatics, and a third in playing the harmonica. The only fellows who weren't having fun were those taking medical checkups or getting dental care, and a few who were simply resting in the lounge room.

I talked to a number of boys. They said the thing they liked best about the Club was that it had no fixed or settled program. They could come in when they wished to, stay long as they liked, and go when they got ready. There were always other boys around to play with, and an instructor who could demonstrate the fine points of almost any game.

The fellows ranged in age from eight to twenty years, and they came mostly from the poorer part of town. They were of every race and nationality, and many were of foreign parentage. They were just as interested in learning how to work and live together as they were in training bodies, brains, and hands. And they liked the chance for leadership the club held out to them, and tried their best to live up to its standards.

"Look at Billy Thompson," said John Ransome, pointing to a young boy working in the craft shop. "He's smart, and learning fast. He's only been a member of the Club two weeks, and he's begun to realize already that instead of knowing all the answers, he really knows too few. Running the streets made him cocky and wise, but spending his spare

time here had given him some purpose and direction, and each day he seems to feel more certain of himself."

Then John B. sat down and told me a few thrilling stories about former Boys' Club members. There was Private Michael Stolarz, who learned to swim in the Boys' Club pool in Passaic, N. J., and later used that skill to save the lives of two buddies while on duty in the Panama Canal Zone. There was Sergeant Carmelo Stillitano of the Binghamton, N. Y., Boys' Club, who won the Bronze Star as the first American soldier to get into Germany in World War II. And there were the eight Forte brothers of Bridgeport, Conn., all of whom were Boys' Club members and all of whom entered the armed forces to fight for peace and freedom.

He also told me about Elwood Cline of Macon, Georgia. Elwood was an orphan and when he was fourteen he watched a Boys' Club team win a tight game. He dropped into the Macon Club next day to join up, and before long he was playing on the very football team he had been watching. Elwood liked the Club so much, and spent so much time there, that he began to think of it as home. Then he decided to enlist in the Navy. When asked to name a beneficiary for his insurance, he was puzzled for a moment because he had no relatives at all. Then he wrote into the vacant space, *Macon Boys' Club*. "The fellows have wanted a new building for some time," he said, "and I would like to help." When last heard of he was doing fine, in training as an apprentice seaman.

"You see," John Ransome pointed out, "Boys' Clubs develop character and citizenship, but use fun as a way to do it. Their games are not set up to find the

finest athlete, but to give every boy a chance to play. Their music programs are geared not to turn out one great pianist, but to make thousands of first-class mouth-organ players. And the experience they give a boy in working and playing with his neigh-

I then went to David W. Armstrong, Executive Director of the Boys' Clubs of America, and asked him how any group of boys could get one set up near their homes.

Most clubs, he told me, begin in a small way. All are operated

at low cost. The first step, in starting one, is to interest a group of adult local citizens and convince them of the need. Any group of smart boys can do this. Start with your city's civic leaders, from the mayor down. Get newspaper editors to join in the campaign. Enlist the help of teachers, social workers, police officers, politicians, women's clubs, Chamber of Commerce, and such groups as the Rotarians, Kiwanis and Elks.

Once they've decided to go ahead, the sponsors can

get all the help they need, without charge, from the Boys' Clubs of America, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. This outfit sees to it that the club is properly financed and built, that it has a capable and trained director giving full time to his work, and that it has such minimum facilities as a game room, a library, a gymnasium, shower baths, and group meeting rooms. Later on such things as swimming pools, assembly halls, lounging rooms and summer camps can be added.

Each club is managed by a board of directors, made up of local citizens and is supported through individual donations or Community Chests. Membership in the Club costs a boy only twenty-five cents to two dollars a year.

This year, 1946, Boys' Club of America will celebrate its fortieth anniversary. At present there are 260 clubs that serve 250,000 boys. There's no reason why both numbers should not be doubled in the next few years!



The Boys' Club program is open to boys of all races, colors and creeds.

bors of all nationalities and religions is not designed to make him more dependent upon others, but to develop a reliance in himself which will last throughout his adult life."

I left the Boys' Club feeling that it was the sort of thing that every neighborhood should have.



Meet FRANCIS JUDGE, fourteen, of Bronxville, N. Y. He's on his high school swimming team, and is wearing MCGREGOR'S golfer jacket, \$7.95, made of AMERITEX washable Norane treated satin-back twill. For a list of stores over the country carrying this nifty jacket, see page 40.

IT was Tommy Baker's first date, and, no use trying to kid himself, he was as nervous as a spotted dog on the Fourth of July!

He knew, as he walked through the spring evening toward Carol Brett's house, that he looked all right. He was wearing his new blue flannel suit, and he felt as slick and shiny as a freshly minted penny. He'd had a haircut in the afternoon, and he'd just snipped away the two hairs on his chin and rubbed on some of his Dad's talcum powder. There was a bright tie lending courage to his shirt front, and a matching handkerchief in his breast pocket.

Oh, he looked all right, Tommy reflected. His dancing would pass muster on a crowded floor, and he was carrying a gardenia for Carol in a crisp white cardboard box. His older sister Sue had seen to both of those items!

But what was he going to say to Carol once they left her home?

Gosh, he'd never been to a real dance before. Compared to Carol, who'd probably been on dozens of dates, he was going to be an awful fizzle! Come to think of it, he didn't really know Carol very well. She was just a girl he used to see in classes and at ball games. And then, when this big spring dance came up and everybody else began to date, he just naturally had asked her. And she, not knowing what she was letting herself in for, had accepted!

Tommy kicked at a leaf as he turned up the walk toward Carol's home. Come on now, guy, he steeled himself. No use getting jittery. Only—and he ran a finger around under the starched collar that suddenly seemed too tight—why did everybody have to start dating? He'd been a lot happier just running around with the gang. That way you didn't have to worry about opening doors for girls and taking care of their wraps and being witty and protective and everything. He was going to be an awful dud!

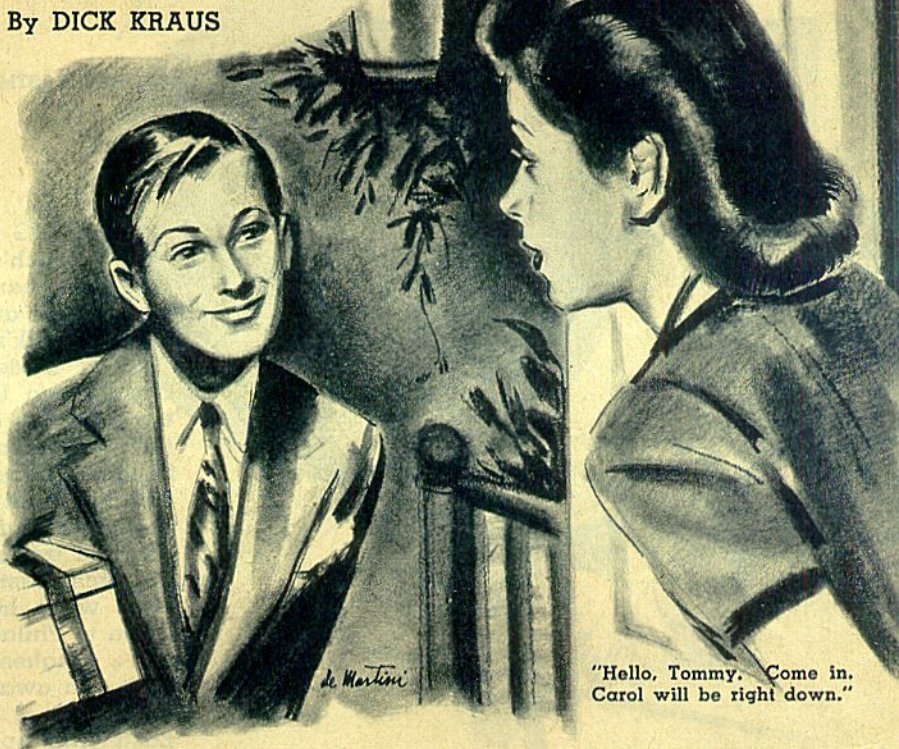
Well, might as well face it . . . He knocked at the door. In a moment, Carol's mother opened it. "Hello, Tommy. Come in. Carol will be right down."

She showed him into the living room and, as he put the flower box down on a tea table, she ex-

First Date

Just what was the special favor Carol's mother wanted Tommy to do for her?

By DICK KRAUS



"Hello, Tommy. Come in. Carol will be right down."

claimed, "Oh, you've brought a corsage! That's wonderful. Carol wasn't sure you were going to, and she was worried about it."

"She didn't have to be," said Tommy. "She might have known I'd think of it!"

"She should have," agreed Mrs. Brett. "I'm sure you've been out on plenty of dates."

Suddenly she leaned forward and whispered, "Look, Tommy, Carol's coming down in a minute. But before she does, would you promise to do something for me?"

"Why sure! What is it?"

"Well, you see," said Mrs. Brett, "Carol's never had a real date before, and she's awfully nervous. She's afraid that she won't know how to act, and that she'll say

and do all the wrong things! But you know so much about it, that you'll take care of her and make it easy for her at the dance, won't you?"

Never been out on a date? Make it easy for her? Tommy's chest swelled under his starched shirt and he beamed encouragingly at Mrs. Brett.

"Why, natch, Mrs. Brett, of course I'll take care of the poor kid. Why, it wasn't so long ago that I—er—had my first date. I know just how she feels!"


And then, as he caught a glimpse of Carol coming down the stairs, looking great in a long, frilly white dress, he shouted, "Come on, chick. We'll wow 'em!"

The End



COACH'S

GEORGE EASTMENT




CALLING ALL BOYS" turns over this month's "Coach's Corner" to George Eastment, for eighteen years America's foremost high school track coach, and now mentor of the running squad at New York's Manhattan College.

As a student, Eastment starred in track at Georgetown U., and then took up law. He interrupted his studies to accept an offer to coach the track team at Bishop Loughlin Memorial High School in Brooklyn. When he took over, in 1928, Loughlin had never won a track title. In the seventeen years that followed the Brooklyn school won 291 trophies!

Coach Eastment's top achievement came in 1945, when he took the Bishop Loughlin squad down to Philadelphia to compete against the nation's toughest teams in the Penn Relays. His boys ran away with four of the five high school titles, setting a record and firmly establishing Eastment's position in the track world.

All eyes are on George Eastment now as he leads a fighting Manhattan squad into action, and the big question is: "Can he repeat?"



If you're trying out for your school track team,
you'll appreciate this helpful advice

By GEORGE EASTMENT

CORNER

Eastment with rival college coaches: Bob Gigengack of Fordham, Von Elling of N.Y.U. and Novak of Army.



FROM the day I started coaching track at Bishop Loughlin High School back in 1928, I have preached one principle to the boys trying out for the team—"Easy does it!"

It is impossible to become a varsity runner overnight. It is impossible to cram all the required training into short periods of time. Easy does it! Learn to take your time. You've got to develop gradually. In track, never try to do in one day what should take a week.

With that fundamental clearly understood, I would next advise you, if you were trying out for the team, to take up walking—that little habit you learned when you were about a year and a half old. Walk briskly for about two or three miles a day, increasing the distance as you get used to it and your muscles develop.

Walking is good exercise, and particularly beneficial for track. It helps not only the legs but the entire body. And it's best to walk on soft underfooting, so try the grass or dirt paths of the park nearest your home.

This sort of preliminary training is necessary because, since the advent of the automobile, boys ride a good deal in autos, and don't use their legs as much as they would have years ago.

Another excellent exercise is bicycle riding. This is good for the legs and for the stomach muscles. The condition of the stomach is very important in track. For this reason many coaches prescribe

daily drills of sit-ups and leg-ups, to strengthen abdominal muscles.

Chest and arm development is another factor to be considered. The arms can do much to give a runner the extra drive and added impetus that often mean the difference between winning and losing a race. Here, push-ups, chin-ups and arm circle drills will help.

Actual running should be done under supervision only, because running can be harmful to the novice. Be sure you get specific instructions from your coach or from some other experienced person before you try fast running.

Running is fundamental to boxing, basketball, baseball, and football. It is the very heart of training in these sports. Boxers would never think of starting to train for a fight without roadwork. In basketball, there are some coaches, Howard Cann of New York University and Frank Keaney of Rhode Island State, to name two of the leaders, who devote almost as much of the practice period to running as to playing basketball.

In baseball, during spring training; in football, before the season's start, and in almost any sport you can name, coaches find running the best conditioner and basic muscle builder.

And it isn't a difficult sport to learn. A few years ago at Bishop Loughlin we had a boy by the name of Johnny Brereton, who unfortunately had bad legs. But plus that, he had plenty of grit.

We gave Johnny advice about

"easy does it" and walking. He walked and walked and walked until slowly the physical defects he had carried almost since birth disappeared.

Before Brereton graduated from Loughlin, he had become a city champion. Now he is one of Columbia's outstanding sprinters and is headed for national fame.

Unless a boy has insurmountable physical handicaps, he can, by perseverance and proper living, become a fair runner and earn a letter in his school. Ninety per cent of all Loughlin boys who stuck at track for at least three years became good runners, won their letters and scored points in competition.

There are certain rules of good living to be followed:

1. Sleep—nine hours is the minimum required; ten is better.

2. Diet—get good home cooking. This is more desirable than a training table because it doesn't disrupt the routine to which your body has become accustomed. Avoid greasy foods. Candies and ice cream in moderation are very good; they provide the sugar helpful in storing up stamina.

3. Relaxation—this is the secret of all sports. A "loose muscle" is far more effective than one that is tightened up and tense.

From here on, you're on your own. You have the basic principles and it is up to you to follow them closely.

But remember the most important rule—"easy does it!"

High Flying Hobby!

Model plane building is tops for fun, but even better than that, it can lead to an exciting future in aviation for you

By WARREN F. MORGAN
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER, USNR

ARE you "up in the air" about your after-school activities? Do you have trouble finding an enjoyable hobby, one that keeps you so interested that each new step in its pursuit makes you want more and more?

Well model aviation *can* be like that. Once you've looked into it and found out how simple it is to get started, how inexpensive it can be and how few tools you need, you're sure to be enthused. And then when you've tried a few models and made one that really rises off the ground and flies, a plane that YOU have built—don't worry, you'll have been bitten by the model plane bug! You'll no longer be "up in the air" about what to do with your spare time. Instead you'll be "up in the air" with and about your planes.

And if your acquired skill and interest carries you to the point where you can build a gas model, with a real midjet-size engine, that whizzes and whirs through the air in great circles while you work the controls that guide it, then you'll really be having fun.

In time you'll be having contests with other model builders. You'll vie with them for perfection of detail in duplication of the great planes that have made history in war and peacetime. You may peer into the future with plans and kits fresh from the



Iners

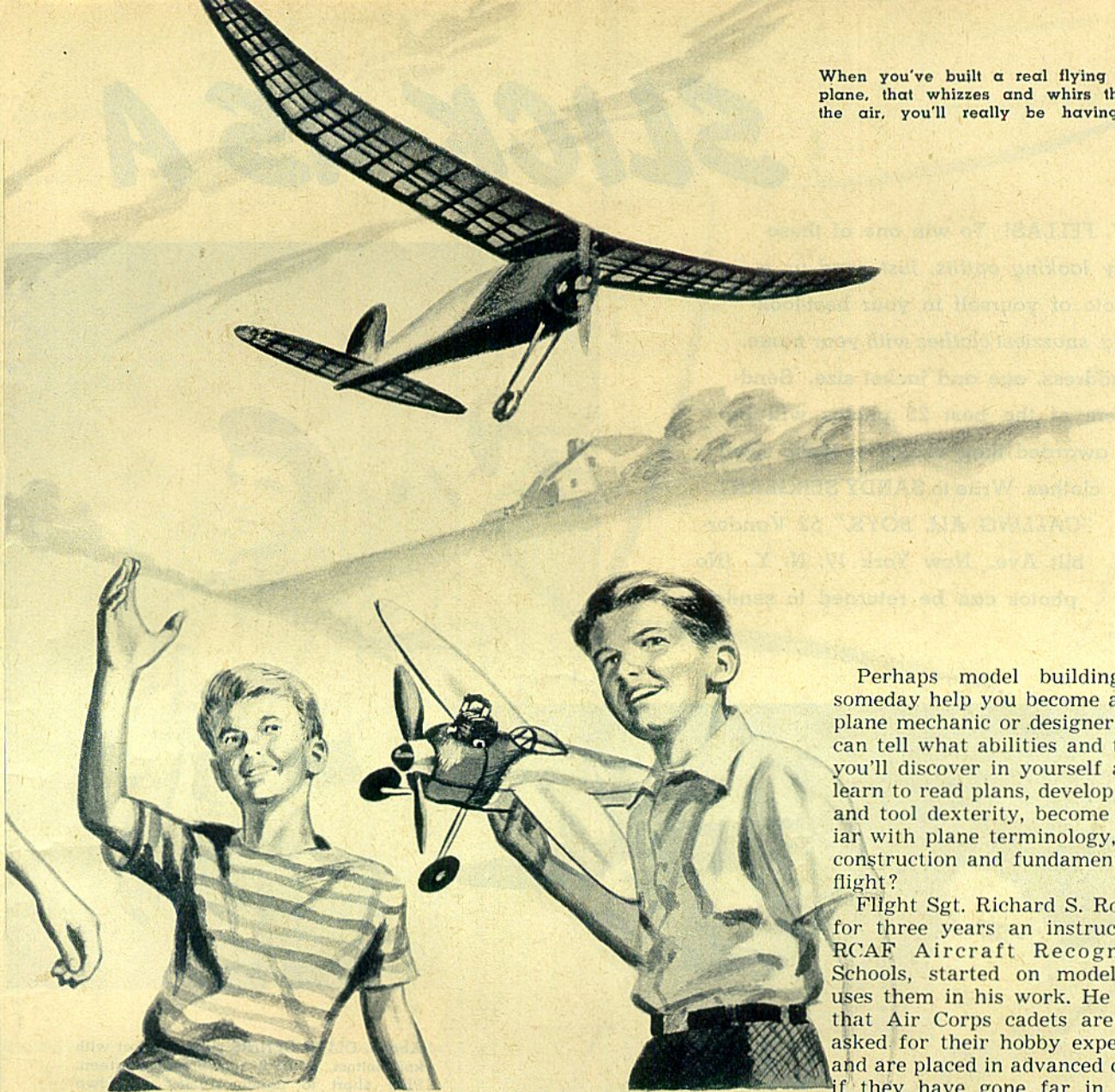
drawing boards of aviation's practical, purposeful dreamers—or perhaps you will dream up a few designs of your own. It's possible, you know. Other boys have done it.

Look at Stanley Hiller of Berkeley, California, who started his plane hobby work at the age of eight. Stanley built successful models in his early teens, started tinkering with an original idea of his own at the age of sixteen and turned up at the age of nineteen with a plane completed and test-flown—the now famous "HILLERCOPTER." This whirling windmill rises straight up, hovers still in the air, moves to one side or the other or backward, or

moves forward with a cruising speed of 115 miles per hour. It's so simple a plane to fly that Stanley taught Henry Kaiser, the famed ship and auto manufacturer, how to get off the ground in five minutes. Now Kaiser and Hiller are partners, and Stanley is in production on his own plane!

Perhaps while competing in contests, you'll outclass local talent and enter regional championships like the one held in Philadelphia in October, 1945, under the sponsorship of the "Philadelphia Record." In this big tourney more than 200 boys competed before a crowd of over 50,000 spectators for speed, per-

When you've built a real flying model plane, that whizzes and whirs through the air, you'll really be having fun.



fection of construction, workmanship and design, in every class of plane from midjets to giants. That was the meet in which over \$3000 in prizes were won and in which a boy by the name of Harry Preiss set a record of 105.9 miles per hour with a Class C gas model.

Now that war restrictions are over and the lid's off on supplies, plans are in preparation for contests in every nook and cranny of the continent—leading up to a real Model "Nationals" under the auspices and supervision of the Academy of Model Aeronautics.

Perhaps the principles of flight picked up in miniature plane construction will lead you to an in-

terest in gliders, huge engineless aircraft that soar and glide like great birds, responsive to your slightest touch at the controls. Glider flying develops a knowledge of every puff and whisper of wind and air current; the glider pilot learns to use the forces of nature to his advantage rather than depend upon the brute force of motor power to push through against the powers of nature. Numerous clubs have been set up over the country in which teen age boys, as young as ten or twelve, fly their own gliders, at gradually increasing altitudes. It's a great sport, exciting, and, figures prove, safer than skiing and sail-boating.

Perhaps model building will someday help you become a pilot, plane mechanic or designer. Who can tell what abilities and talents you'll discover in yourself as you learn to read plans, develop finger and tool dexterity, become familiar with plane terminology, plane construction and fundamentals of flight?

Flight Sgt. Richard S. Robbins, for three years an instructor in RCAF Aircraft Recognition Schools, started on models and uses them in his work. He states that Air Corps cadets are often asked for their hobby experience and are placed in advanced classes if they have gone far in model building. In fact, some of the war's greatest aces were model builders in their youth.

We're living in an Air Age; more and more airfields are springing up over the country, and more and more boys and young men are learning how to fly. Through the shortened lines of travel and communication that aviation has brought, the rest of the world has become our next-door neighbor in the last few years.

So how about YOUR getting into the swing of things? You can get a jump on the future by starting today on a model plane hobby. Let your "hobby room" become the indoor airport for your take-off into fun and adventure!

SLICK AS A

HEY, FELLAS! To win one of these nifty looking outfits, just send us a photo of yourself in your best-looking, snazziest clothes with your name, address, age and jacket size. Senders of the best 25 photos will be awarded their choice of these swell clothes. Write to SANDY SERGEANT, "CALLING ALL BOYS," 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. (No photos can be returned to senders)



Above, OLDIN DENNIS zipper jacket with knit bottom. \$7.95 in tan, brown or green. Play short to match, \$3.95, with two big side pockets and back pocket. Perfect for camp or around your home.



Left, PARATOGS jacket of zelan treated satin-back twill, \$7.95. This classy job comes in tan, sailing blue, sun gold or navy at Gimbel Bros. stores in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Milwaukee.

Right, leather arrows on western pockets add zip to this two tone shirt on a Texan slack suit by MCGREGOR. Made in washable cotton covert, it costs under \$12 for both the shirt and slacks.

SPITFIRE!

By SANDY SERGEANT



For the store nearest you carrying these clothes, write to SANDY SERGEANT.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

Every time I want to go out with my pals, my parents give me chores to do around the house. It wouldn't be so bad if I were paid for these jobs, the way some of my friends are. They get paid extra money for cleaning the basement, washing the car or waxing the floors. But my folks don't believe in this system, and I have to do these jobs for nothing. What do you think?

Frank S., 13, Florida

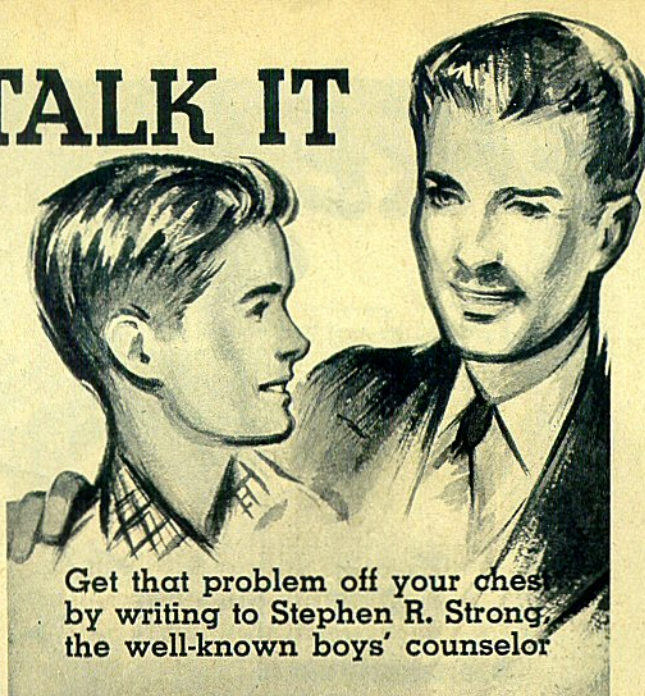
JUST what is a home, Frank? Is it a place where a fellow is the star boarder, where he can get a lot of free service from people who love him?

It's true that some boys think home exists just for them. It is a place to forget manners, hang clothes on the floor, shake down the "old man" and to park when there is no place else to go. But you can spot these fellows a mile away. They act that way every place they go, not just in their own home.

Home is your family headquarters! It's the place where people will believe in you, even though you're not always the prize boy in the neighborhood. It can be the most important place in your life. But to be really happy at home, you've got to think of your folks as teammates, not servants. That means you must contribute your part to the running of the team.

As a member of the family, you are entitled to an allowance adequate for your needs. But that doesn't mean you can set up special claims for your work. That is not the way families or teams are run. You see, I don't believe a fellow should do work at home for money. He works because he is a part of the team. The more he does, the more necessary he is to the life of the team—the more he belongs. Members of a school team value their play by the number of tackles they make or the number of points scored. The same thing is true on your family team.

You have one legitimate complaint, Frank, and that is in regard to the timing or scheduling of the work. You should have a schedule of chores for the week and be entitled to plan your own time for the doing of this work. If you are expected to wash the car, your parents should



Get that problem off your chest by writing to Stephen R. Strong, the well-known boys' counselor

permit you to do this at the most convenient time for all concerned, provided that you do a good job! And I'm sure that if you talk this over with your parents, they'll agree!

Two of my friends and I have been dating the same girl for some months. Now the biggest dance of the year is coming up and she has a date with one of the other fellows. She says she would just as soon have gone with me but Bill asked her first. I know I shouldn't be jealous, but I am! Should I go to the prom with another date, stay

home, or go stag to show my loyalty?

Willard J., 16, Indiana.

GO to the dance with another date, Willard, and be the best, most attentive escort you know how to be. This is not only the way to a swell evening for you and the girl you take, but it's also the best way to impress the other girl that you are top flight.

No one blames a fellow for having some particular dream girl at the top of his list. That's only normal. But this girl is not interested in having you show your loyalty as much as she is in having you show your stuff. Mooning away the hours at home before her picture or pouting at your mistake in not asking her earlier won't impress her at all.

The girl with sparkle doesn't want to be able to wear her date on her arm like a charm bracelet. Girls like fellows who are in the swim; they want their dream man to be popular with other fellows and girls.

So do ask some other girl to the prom and show her a real time. Make her happiness your first concern, because after all, she is your guest. If she doesn't enjoy herself because you're mooning about the other girl, you will both have a dull time!

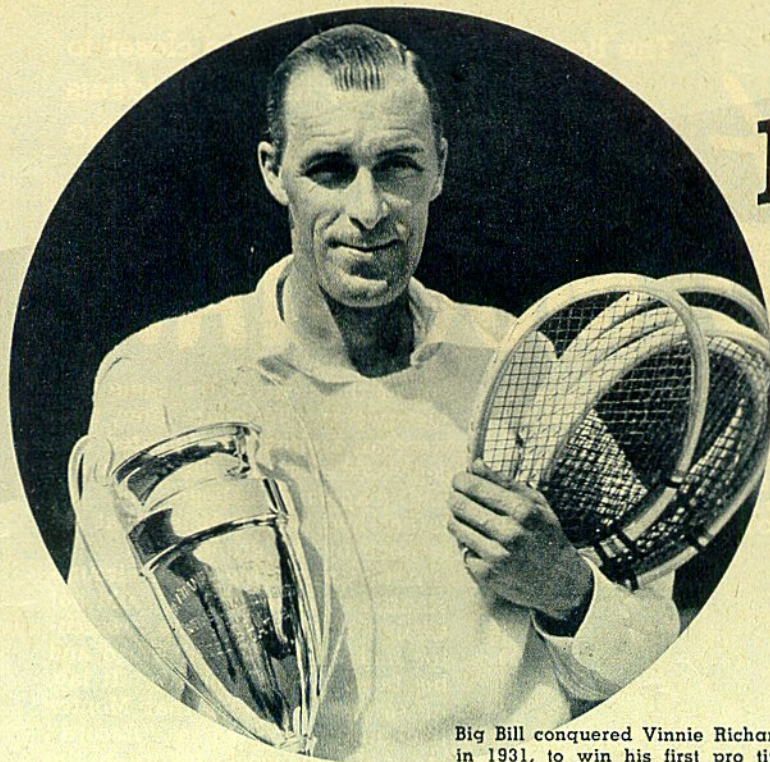
If it's less than ten days before the dance, it may be best for you to go stag or to a show with the boys. Asking for a date for a big affair on shorter notice than this is considered poor taste by girls.

Mr. Strong will answer your problem, if you'll write him, giving your full name and address (they won't be printed) and age. Write to Stephen R. Strong, CALLING ALL BOYS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



CALLING ALL BOYS

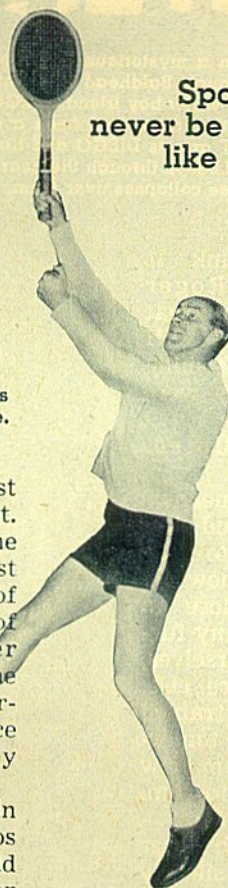
KING *of* the COURTS



Big Bill conquered Vinnie Richards in 1931, to win his first pro title.

Sports fans agree there'll never be another tennis champ like the mighty Bill Tilden

By GORDON ATKINS



Now 52, Tilden's still playing in top-flight tennis circles.

IT has been said that great champions usually rise from the ashes of defeat and adversity. This was never more true than in the case of William T. "Bill" Tilden, II, the greatest tennis figure the world has ever known.

When he retired from active competition as an amateur in 1930, he left behind him one of the greatest records in the history of all the world's athletics. Seven times he was national singles champion and five times he annexed the doubles crown. He won the mixed doubles title four times and was national clay court champion five times.

He played on eleven Davis Cup teams and helped the United States take this coveted trophy seven successive years, 1920 to 1926. For nine consecutive years he ranked at the top of the United States Lawn Tennis Association rankings. In 1920 he became the first American to win the singles tournament for the Wimbledon (England) Challenge Cup.

And last winter, at fifty-two years of age, Bill Tilden took on Donald Budge, probably America's top tennis player, and made him hustle to eke out a victory. Bill Tilden showed great promise

as a boy, winning his first tournament at eight. From 1912 to 1919 he was America's finest prospect, but streaks of wildness and moments of temper caused older heads to doubt if he would ever realize permanently the brilliance that he occasionally flashed.

But, after serving in the Army Medical Corps during the First World War, he was chosen for the Davis Cup team. His superb play was instrumental in bringing this famous cup back to the United States.

Encouraged by his success, Tilden determined to return to America and win the national singles crown. In the 1920 tournament at Forest Hills, he and Bill Johnston, the titleholder, clashed in the finals, with the championship at stake, before a large gallery of 12,000 excited tennis fans. In what has often been claimed as the greatest tennis ever played at Forest Hills, Tilden triumphed decisively over Johnston!

At the height of his career, in 1921 and 1922, Tilden was

stricken by a serious illness, and spent considerable time in the hospital. But despite ill health, and against doctors' orders, he went forth, and on nerve alone, successfully defended his singles title.

Then, in 1923, while playing an exhibition match in New Jersey, he caught the forefinger of his racquet hand in the backstop, injuring it severely. To stop the spread of blood poisoning, doctors removed the bone from this all-important finger. But the courageous Tilden returned to the courts that same year to retain his singles title, annex the doubles crown and star in Davis Cup play. He finally retired from amateur play in 1930.

But professional promoters realized that Tilden was still a great drawing card. They signed him to tour the country, which he did before huge enthusiastic crowds. And from that time to this, tennis fans have stormed the gates to see once more the former King of the Courts—the man who conquered himself, his illnesses and injuries, to become the greatest of the great tennis players.

The Secret of

BALDHEAD MOUNTAIN

The Baxter boys come one step closer to
the solution to the tunnel accidents

By CHARLES STRONG

THE STORY UP TO NOW: When a mysterious series of accidents holds up work on their father's highway tunnel through Baldhead Mountain, ROGER and BILL BAXTER suspect sabotage. Their Mexican water-boy friend, DIEGO MONTEZ, finds a fuse in the tunnel after a big cave-in, indicating there had been a deliberate explosion. Surprisingly, SHERIFF TODD of PAYDIRT arrests DIEGO and his father! Searching for a clue to their innocence, ROGER and BILL look through the nearby ghost town of SILVERMINE, but are scared away when a house collapses over them. NOW READ CHAPTER FOUR!

"**W**HAT do you think it means, Pop?" Roger twisted around in the front seat to look into his father's face. "If somebody didn't want us fooling around Silvermine—if they were trying to scare us off—"

"Trying!" Bill interrupted. "They *did*."

"I know one thing it means," Mr. Baxter said firmly, "and that is that you two are going to keep out of this business from now on. You're going to stick close to home or to the job. And any further investigations by yourselves, at Silvermine or anywhere else, are out! There'll be a trained investigator out here by tomorrow at the latest, and from now on we'll leave things up to him. That's final."

The boys looked at each other and then followed him silently out of the car when he had stopped it in front of Mrs. Blanding's. Pop was angry, all right, and that must mean he was worried by what had happened.

But when the three Baxters got

out of their car at the same spot just-twenty-four hours later, they were all feeling too defeated and depressed even to argue. The worst had happened. Diego and his father had been indicted that afternoon by the grand jury!

After presenting some circumstantial evidence which could not easily be disproven, the prosecutor had even provided Diego and his father with a motive. It lay, he said, in the fact that Montez had misinterpreted a "Record" story of some weeks before, to the effect that the highway tunnel would *cut* the underground stream which came out of Baldhead to furnish water to the Montez farm.

"Thus Montez believed the value

of his land was threatened," the prosecutor said in his summing up. "To an illiterate Mexican, the story obviously indicated that the stream would be *cut off*, rather than crossed, which is of course to be the case. And so I contend that this crime was not only a premeditated one, but indeed that it had been preceded by other unsuccessful efforts—the landslide, the harming of the water pumps and the repair shed fire—all intended to interfere with the construction of the tunnel.

"I agree with Mr. Baxter," he went on, "when he says Diego is a faithful boy. But his loyalty to his father would certainly come before his loyalty to his job. Mr. Baxter also pointed out that it was Diego who brought him the fuse which seemed to establish the impossibility of the cave-in having been an accident, and apparently he thinks this establishes the boy's innocence. But here I must disagree. Guilty persons have often done such things, in an effort to distract suspicion from themselves."

And he then went on to explain how he thought the thing had been done. He said he believed that Manuel Montez had attempted the job himself, had found Willie Brown guarding the tunnel entrance, and had returned home to wait for his son. Later that night, Montez had diverted Willie's attention from the tunnel while Diego crept inside to set the charge.

Mr. Baxter and the boys sat on the Blanding porch, and went over it all again and again.

"None of it makes sense," Mr. Baxter said grimly, "but I don't see how we can prove that—except by proving that somebody else blew up the tunnel. That's what we'll have to get the investigator to work on."

Mrs. Blanding called through the door, "Telephone, Mr. Baxter!"

When their father returned to the porch a few minutes later, he stood still without speaking for so long that both boys turned to look at him. He met their curious eyes bleakly.

When he finally spoke, the words came out jerkily, one by one.

"We haven't got an investigator," he said. "The company isn't sending one." With a great effort he straightened his tired shoulders. "But we'll get one—somewhere," he added. "I'll hire him myself."

That night after they were all in bed, Roger stole

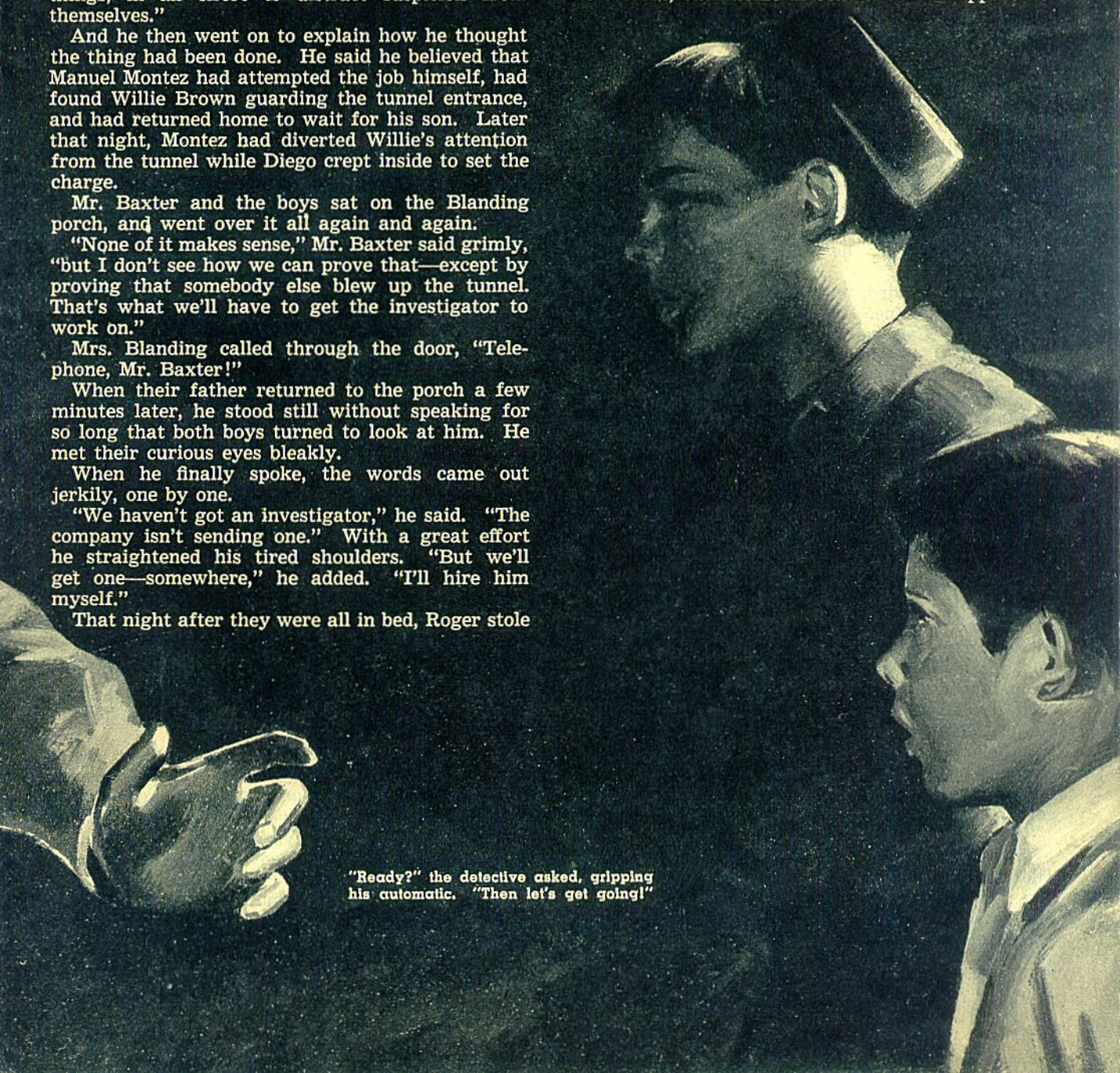
downstairs and sent a telegram over the phone. And all the next day he turned up at intervals at his father's office, as if he were waiting for something.

At home that night he looked anxiously at the hall table when they entered. Then he turned to Bill to shake his head.

"Still no answer," he murmured.

"Don't worry," Bill said. "Slim'll answer. You'll see. Once he knows we're in trouble, he'll look through all the records in Washington if he has to, in order to dig up somebody in Colorado who can help us. He'll send us *somebody*—or at least some advice. You just wait."

But there had been plenty of time for Slim Warner to have received Roger's wire, and to have replied. It was hard to be patient. They trusted Slim, the federal detective whom they had had the good fortune to meet and work with the summer before, back home in Seaview. But suppose he



"Ready?" the detective asked, gripping his automatic. "Then let's get going!"

was out of town on a job? Suppose he never got the wire at all? Suppose Diego and his father—

Roger put the thought out of his mind, and they all went upstairs to clean up for supper.

"There's somebody to see you, Mr. Baxter," they heard Mrs. Blanding call a few minutes later.

"All right. I'll be right down."

"No hurry," said a calm deep voice from the foot of the stairs. "I'll come up. Anyway, I'm not looking for you, John. I'm calling on Mr. Roger Baxter."

The boys had been staring at each other with wonder growing on their faces, and now they both made a lunge for the door at once.

"Slim!"

"Slim Warner!"

Two hours later the four of them were sitting relaxed over the last pieces of Mrs. Blanding's famous apple pie. Slim had explained the miracle of his presence—he had been vacationing in Denver when the wire had been forwarded to him, and had decided to answer it in person. Then the boys had explained their need for help.

Now the tall, deceptively slender young detective was stirring his coffee and staring into space, as he always did when he was concentrating.

"Quite a story," he murmured.

Mr. Baxter nodded. "And not a very pleasant one. What do you think? Can we do anything about it? I'd be grateful if you'd let me hire you, Warner. It would certainly be worth it to us!"

Slim gestured. "Forget it. I like to enjoy myself on my vacation. And my favorite way of enjoying myself is fighting people who like to push other people around. Now let's see."

He mused quietly for a time, and then sat up. It seemed to him, he said, that there might be two forces at work in Pay Dirt. One of these would be a man, or group of men, who had attempted to prove the tunnel site unsafe, in order to have the road rerouted through Pay Dirt. The second would be another man, or group, interested chiefly in delaying the completion of the job. Robertson he said, might well be a logical suspect for the first group, but seemed to have little reason to instigate such "accidents" as the damaging of the water pumps, which could—Slim pointed out—have had no other purpose than holding up work on the tunnel for a matter of days or, at most, weeks. "Those things couldn't conceivably have stopped you altogether," he said.

"But—"

"Wait a minute. Now we come to the cave-in. That too was apparently intended merely to delay you. The whole tunnel *could* have been blown up—but then the thing would have been obviously deliberate, and would have demanded investigation. They

chose instead to do something they hoped would look like an accident—something that would hold up the job, without arousing suspicion. It might have worked.

"But Diego spoiled it for them when he saw the fuse," Roger put in.

Slim nodded. "Exactly. And got himself and his father arrested for his pains. Once you were suspicious, they had to hand you somebody to be suspicious of."

They talked some more, remembering additional bits of information to give Slim. At something Mr. Baxter said, the detective suddenly raised his eyebrows.

"So Robertson's a stockholder in the defunct Alice Mine, is he?" he echoed. "Mm. Interesting. I was inclined to think his trouble was just an overdose of civic pride—that he wanted the highway to run through Pay Dirt, but that he wasn't the type to commit a crime to get it there. But I might be wrong."

Bill looked puzzled. "What's the old Alice Mine got to do with it? Aren't we sort of

getting off the track by thinking about that?"

"Maybe we're not," Roger said slowly. "Don't forget somebody didn't want us snooping around Silvermine. And that might be because Silvermine is practically on top of the Alice."

Slim nodded. "In any case, I think Silvermine rates a visit from me tomorrow—purely as a tourist interested in ghosts that can leave footprints and maybe even knock down walls. I might do a little investigation along some other lines too." He got up and stretched. "And now I think I'll go look for a hotel. Something tells me it might be better if I weren't known as a friend of yours. We'll get together, of course, but we'll be careful about it."

"You'll have to meet Diego soon, too," Bill said. "He'll be out on bail as soon as Pop can hire a lawyer for them."

"Please don't do that," Slim said quickly. And when they stared at him he added, "Get them out, I mean. Whoever is responsible for all these events must be very happy to have those two blamed for them. And as long as they're behind bars, nothing else can be allowed to happen—it would only prove Diego and his father weren't the cause. No, they're safer where they are, and the tunnel is safer while they're there. I know it's tough, but let's hope it won't be for long."

(Continued on page 40)



"SLIM! SLIM WARNER!"



Above, from CUB to EAGLE SCOUT together went these five pals of Islip, L. I. From left to right, they are Donald Rowlinson, Bob Lapham, scoutmaster George Truell, Roy Kort, Gerry Hoffman, and, second row, Foster Truell.

Below, Eddie Foy, III, ten-year-old son of the famed comedian, Eddie Foy, Jr., makes his stage debut in the musical, "The Red Mill." His dad offers advice.



Left, William Boughner, eleven, of Rockdale, Pa., has been taking his dog Spot to school for three years. Spot gets his own report card for attendance and conduct.

Below, two Indian students at Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kan., the nation's leading Indian school, learn the craft of masonry. Haskell trains young Indians either to fit themselves for entrance into the white man's culture, or to become reservation leaders.





George "Gabby" Hayes was named second favorite Western star in a recent poll conducted by theatre exhibitors. Of course Roy was first (Rogers was tenth box office star too, in the general voting.) Roy and "Gabby" make a fine team and their pictures get better all the time. Their next is "SONG OF ARIZONA." (Rep.)



During his visit to Mandalay, Admiral Mountbatten addressed 14th Army veterans who had captured the city. Other highlights of the stirring documentary "BURMA VICTORY" include recapture of work elephants; night jungle warfare; epic glider attack led by famed U.S. Army pilot Colonel Philip Cochran. (Warners)



Veterans who find it difficult to find suits to replace their G.I. outfits might do well to take a style tip from the well-dressed lads above. Bob Hope and Bing Crosby model the latest fashions (note the spats!) in "ROAD TO UTOPIA," a hilarious adventure yarn wherein our heroes brave the terrors of the cold, cold north. (Para.)

MOVIES You'll Like

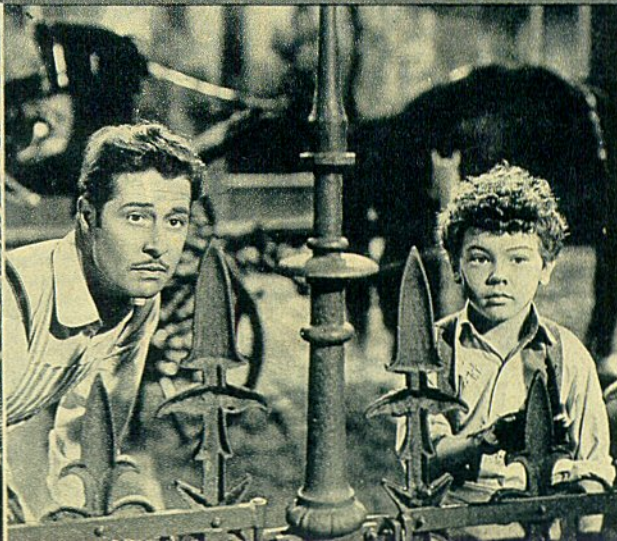
What makes a good film? Here's this month's sure-fire recipe:
adventure, suspense, laughs, drama and action

By TERRY CRAWFORD

It's hard to believe, but "HENRY V" was produced while bombs shook the British studio in which Laurence Olivier was producing his first film. Olivier cuts a heroic figure as the star, flashing a steel blade and engaging in mortal jousts with knights in armor. See this top-notch Technicolor tale of one of England's most colorful monarchs. (U.A.)

Ever hear about the Maxim gun? It was one of the earliest successful machine guns. Hiram Maxim, the inventor (Don Ameche), had many obstacles to overcome before his inventions worked out, but the steadfast courage of his son (Bobby Driscoll) spurred him on. You'll be sure to enjoy "SO GOES MY LOVE," the movie story of Maxim's struggles. (Univ.)

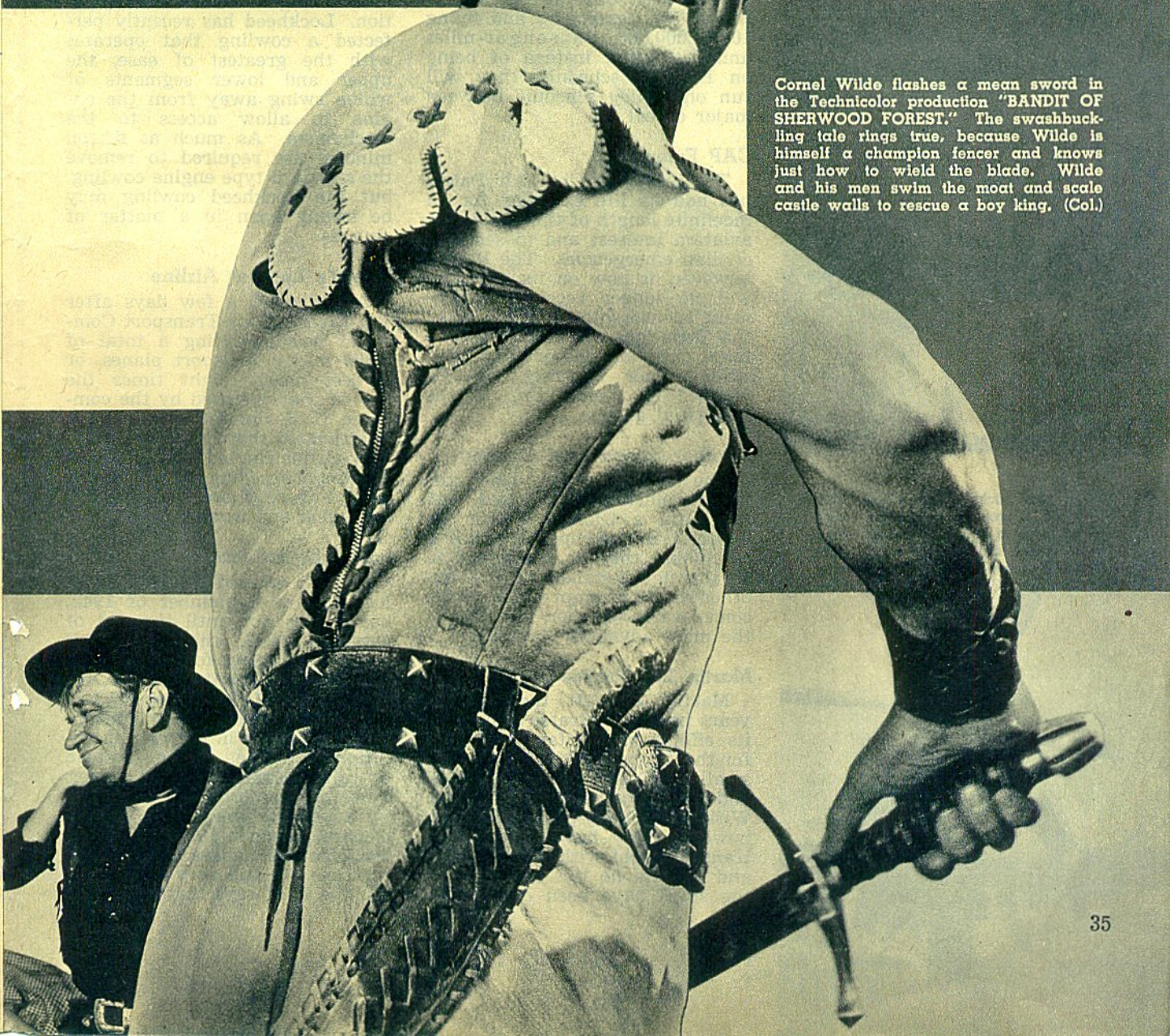
Wallace Beery and J. Carroll Naish hide from Federal agents by joining Mormons heading west to Utah. They repay the Mormons' kindness by attempting to steal their gold, but an accident in which Margaret O'Brien almost loses her life makes "BAD BASCOMB" (Beery) regret his deeds. An Indian attack is rebuffed before the caravan reaches safety. (MGM)



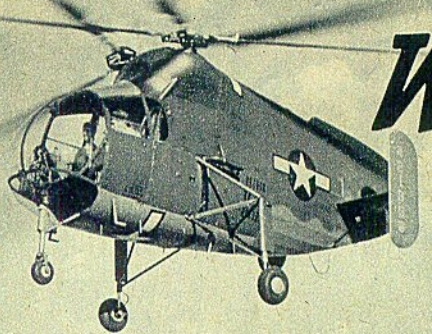


Produced by all ranks of the RAF, "JOURNEY TOGETHER" shows training fields in England, U. S., and Canada. It is noteworthy for attention to detail. Aerial combat scenes are impressive—camera-men shot them from inside bombers. Shown above, instructor Edward G. Robinson, pilot Jack Watling. (English Films)

Jackie "Butch" Jenkins (that's Butch under the hat) is the only one brave enough to ask Skippy Homeier about his plan to go AWOL. "BOYS RANCH" shows you how Skippy learns to take his punishment. Skippy, Butch, and Darryl Hickman farm, raise cattle, play baseball at "BOYS RANCH." (MGM)

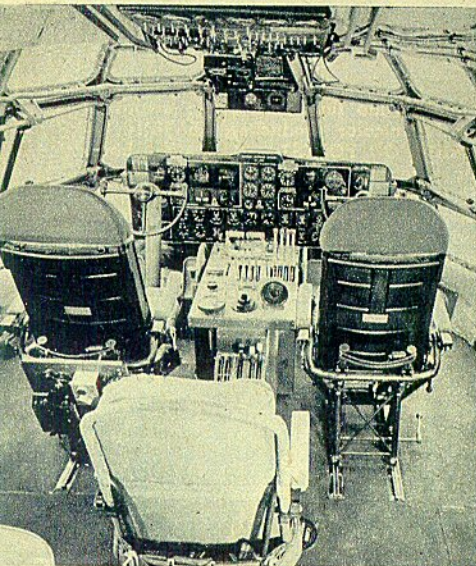


Cornel Wilde flashes a mean sword in the Technicolor production "BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST." The swashbuckling tale rings true, because Wilde is himself a champion fencer and knows just how to wield the blade. Wilde and his men swim the moat and scale castle walls to rescue a boy king. (Col.)

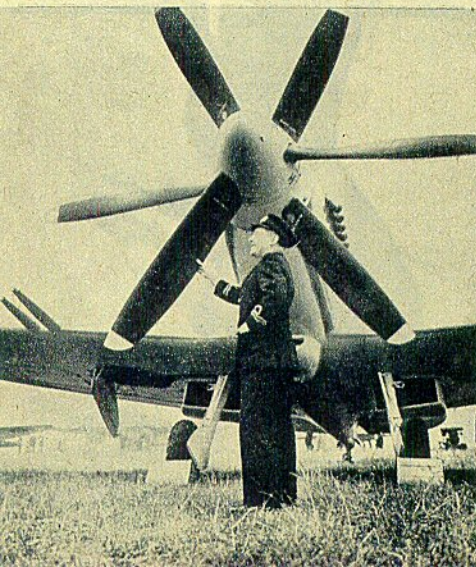


The inter-meshing, contra-rotating three-bladed rotors on this tubby XR-8 KELLETT helicopter help to lick the pesky problem of torque.

Here's a close-up view of the roomy pilot's cabin of the Boeing 377 STRATOLINER. It's air conditioned, comfortable, and can accommodate 13 men.



More prop tricks! The British SEA-FIRE 45, a recently developed Navy plane, gets a world of power, maneuverability and speedy climb from these big contra-rotating propellers.



WHAT'S NEW IN THE Air

The Airlines Look Ahead

During peak operations before the war, the combined airlines of the United States had in service a total of 359 planes with 6,250 seats, and flights were undertaken on near Pullman schedules. The entire scheme of operations has now been drastically changed, and it is anticipated that by the end of this year the airlines will have at least 1,239 aircraft carrying 49,757 passengers and flying 10,000,000,000 passenger-miles annually. And instead of being on Pullman schedule, they will run on trolley schedule between major cities!

CAP Extended

The war-born Civil Air Patrol has had its life extended for an indefinite length of time, to foster aviation interest and to serve in civilian emergencies. The Patrol, however, is now on its own and will no longer receive Government sponsorship. It is expected that donations will be sufficient to take care of major expenses, while minor expenses will be handled by membership of the individual groups.

Another Speed Test Coming

The British now hold the world's official speed record—641 m.p.h. in a Gloster Meteor jet fighter. But competent sources claim that they do not intend to let this figure stand, and that another record attempt will be made comes warm weather, this time in the more advanced Vampire.

Martin 202 Proves Popular

Martin Aircraft through the years has concentrated almost all its efforts on military machines for the Army and Navy with only small civil contracts on the side, and these mostly for flying boats. With the forty-passenger 202, however, they have invaded the transport field with a vengeance, and to date no less than 155 of the ships have been ordered by

various airlines. The first 202's are not scheduled for delivery until early 1947, but orders so far total more than \$31,000,000!

Automobile Hood Cowling

Aircraft engine cowling have always been locked down with small fasteners of the Dzus type and removed from a plane in small pieces. But now all this has been changed on the Constellation. Lockheed has recently perfected a cowl that operates with the greatest of ease, the upper and lower segments of which swing away from the engine to allow access to the mechanism. As much as fifteen minutes are required to remove the standard type engine cowl, but the Lockheed cowl may be swung open in a matter of seconds.

World's Largest Airline

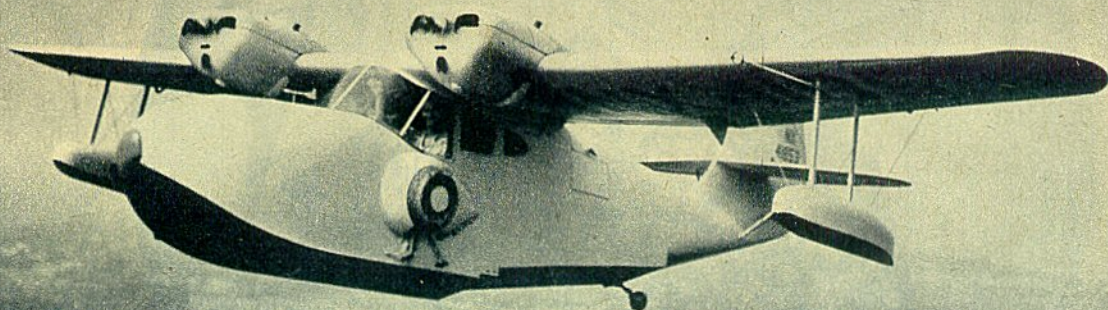
At its peak, a few days after V-J Day, the Air Transport Command was operating a total of 2,860 major transport planes, or a fleet nearly eight times the size of that operated by the combined U. S. domestic airlines. It is estimated that this global military airline carried 3,525,000 passengers in speeding the war effort, and of these, more than 300,000 were sick and wounded.

Latest Squirt Job

Convair entered the jet field as long ago as September of 1943, but it was not until the end of January, 1946, that the AAF cleared this news for publication. The Convair creation, called XP-81, is similar to the Ryan FR-1 in that it is fitted with a conventional propeller in the nose in addition to the jet engine. Instead of using normal forward power, however, the propeller is turned by a gas turbine driven by the General Electric I-40 jet engine. Performance figures of this new machine are still very hush-hush, but the AAF says that, when the

Fresh-from-the-ticker news reports of planes and the men who build and fly them, by an outstanding war correspondent and aviation writer

By DAVID C. COOKE



This three-place amphibian job, the Commonwealth TRIMMER, weighs only 1470 pounds. Its twin engines hit a top speed of 135 MPH and it can fly safely with only one!

propeller and jet engines are operated together, the XP-81 can travel faster than any conventional fighter in the air—and that means it's plenty hot!

First Superfort Over Tokyo

On November 1, 1944, a lone Boeing Superfortress piloted by Major Ralph D. Steakley invaded the cloudless skies over the Japanese capital and cruised back and forth several times without dropping a single bomb. Then it flew back to its base in the Mariannas and landed with scarcely a gallon of gasoline remaining in its huge tanks. The machine made the same mysterious flight again three days later, and again on November 7—and still no bombs were dropped. But the Superfort and its tall, lanky flyer from Ohio on those innocent appearing flights obtained the information that enabled bomb-laden planes of later days to blast the heart out of the Japanese Empire. Pho-

tographs taken on the three flights accurately located many important military targets—factories, warehouses, railroads, docks, and harbor installations—which were smashed beyond recognition when the Superforts came over in numbers. Major Steakley still shrugs his broad shoulders at mention of those flights, but he probably contributed more to the defeat of the Japanese than any other single pilot in the entire AAF.

Expansion at Aeronca

Production of peacetime aircraft is still nothing even comparable to that of automobiles, but the light plane companies at least are straining every facility to turn out their tiny skysters as rapidly as possible. Aeronca, for one, has had its planes accepted by the public with such enthusiasm that they have boosted production from twenty to thirty-five a day—and even 50, it is expected

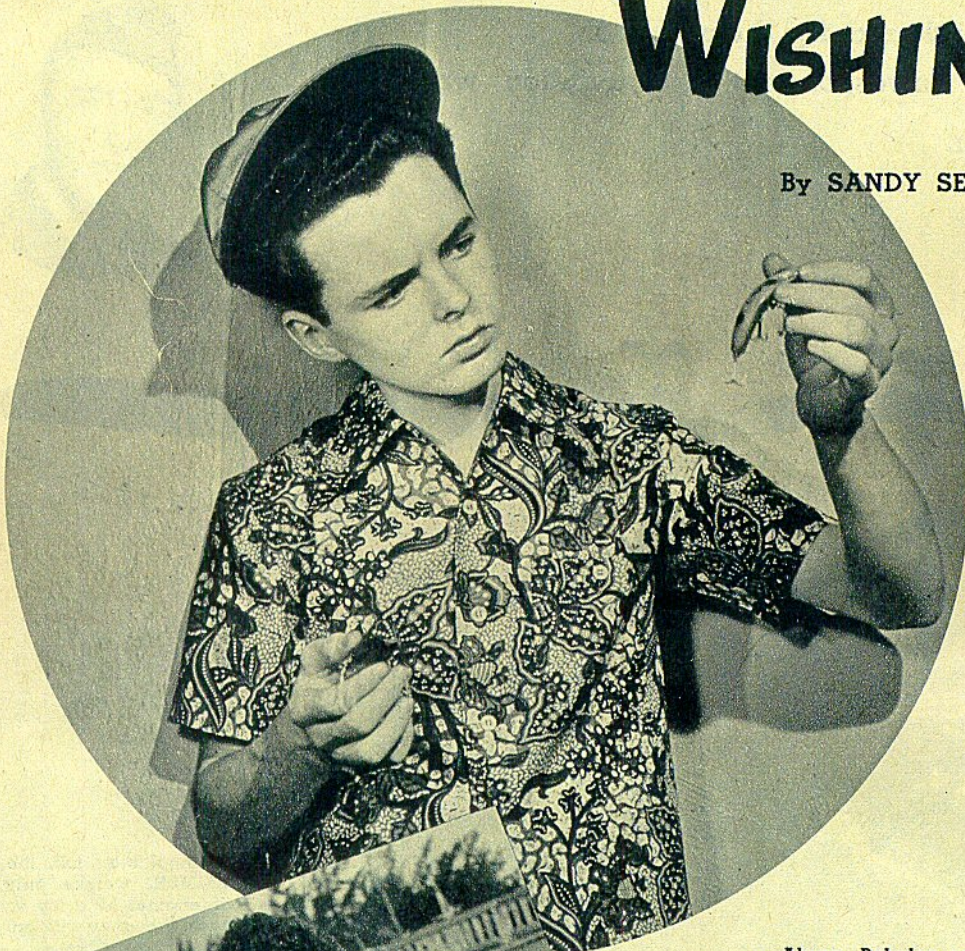
that there will be a wide gap between demand and supply.

Largest Republic

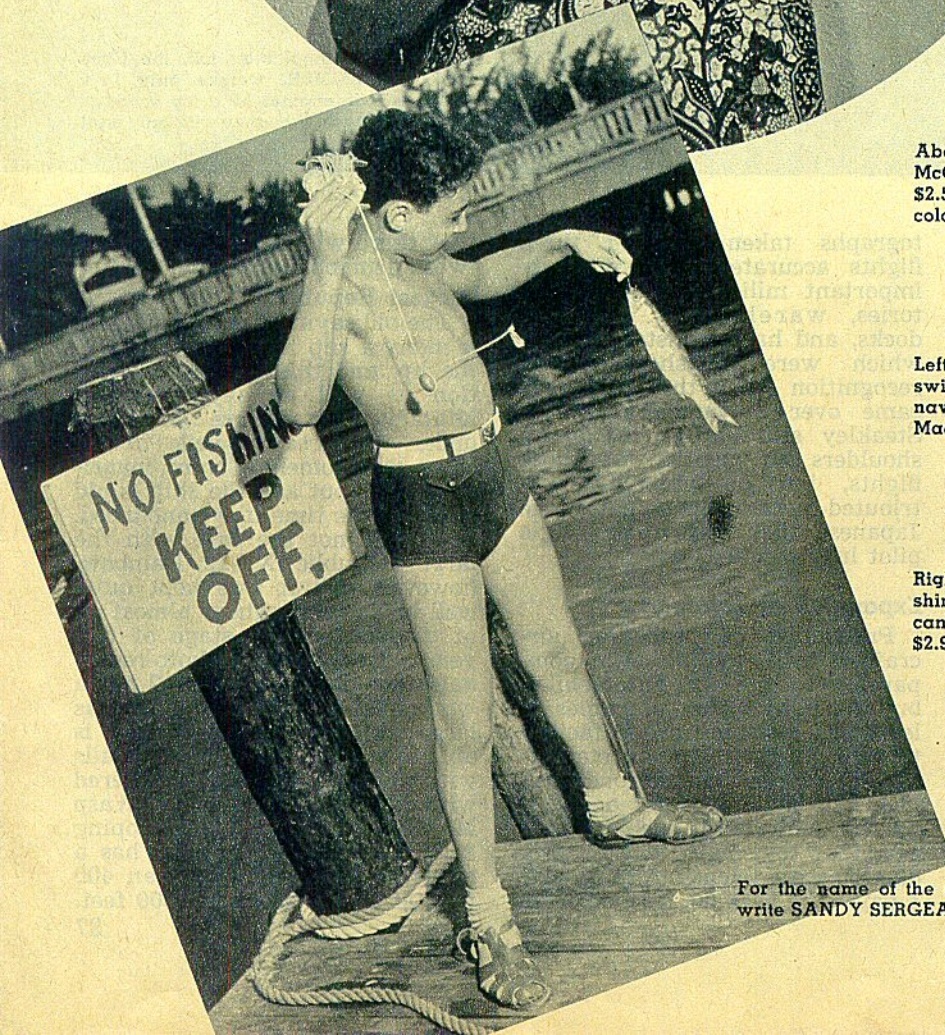
The old saying has it that there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and this applies to aviation as well as anything else. Military aircraft are developed under the greatest veils of secrecy, but somehow word invariably leaks out and the ship is old news by the time it is announced. Such was not the case with the large Republic XF-12 Rainbow, however, and it was kept quite well hidden throughout almost all of its development stage of two years. Destined for photo-reconnaissance duties, the XF-12 has a wing span of 129 feet (almost as large as the Superfort) and is able to streak along the sky trails with fighter-like speeds. Powered with four Pratt & Whitney Wasp Major engines, each developing 3,000 horsepower, the ship has a cruising speed of more than 400 mph at an altitude of 40,000 feet.

WISHIN' FOR

By SANDY SERGEANT



Above, Babaloo print cotton shirt, \$2.95 by McGREGOR. Boxer swim trunks to match, \$2.50. This combination outfit has plenty of color, but is guaranteed not to scare away fish.



Left, ROBERT BRUCE all wool ribbed knit swim trunks, \$3.50 includes the belt. Tan, navy, royal and maroon colors. At R. H. Macy, J. L. Hudson and Marshall Field.

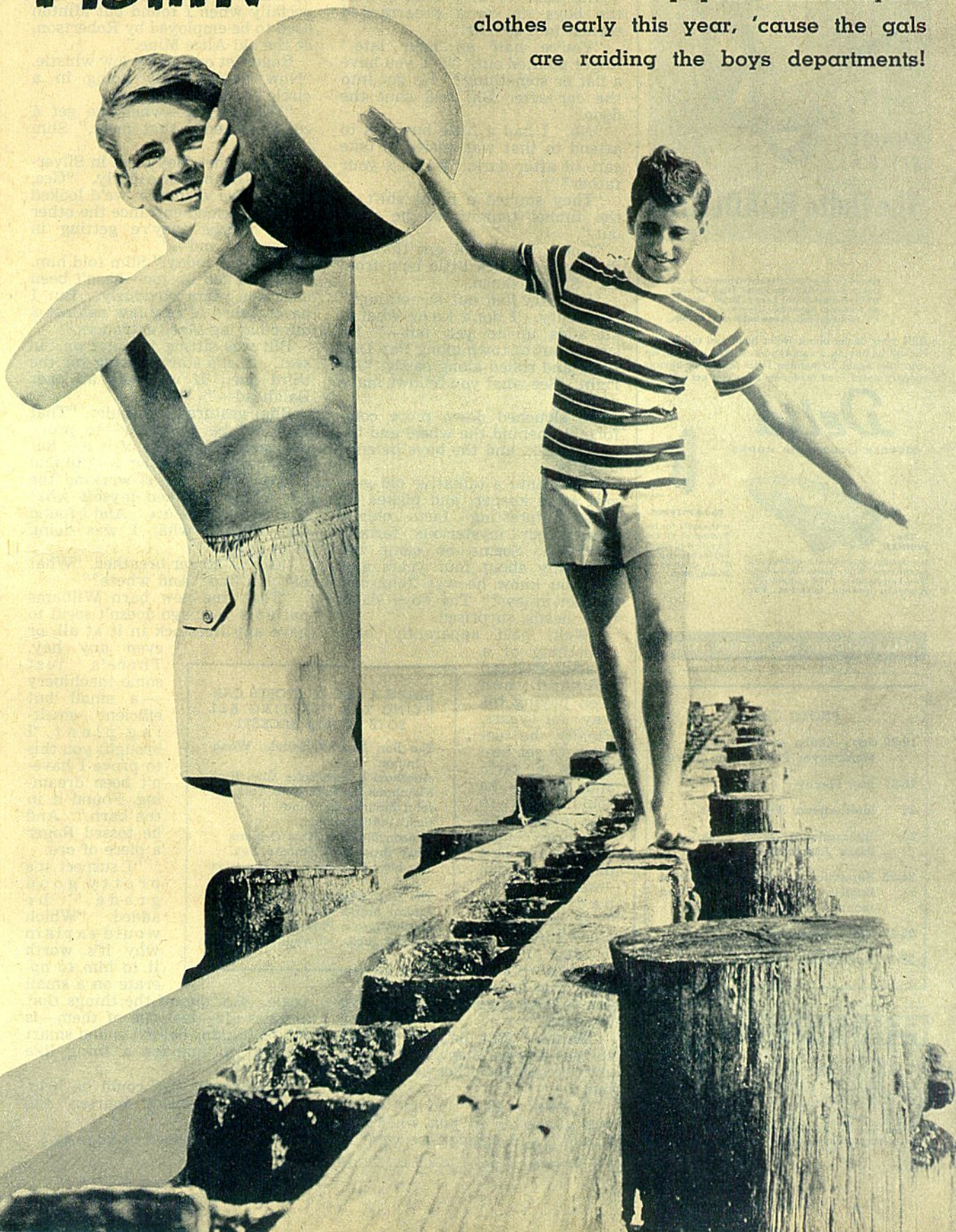
Right, ROBERT BRUCE bright striped basque shirt in fine combed yarn \$1.75, if you can find one. JANTZEN boxer swim short, \$2.95 in tan, maize, blue and maroon.

For the name of the store nearest you, carrying these clothes, write SANDY SERGEANT, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

FISHIN'

If spring is here, can summer be far away?

Better buy your summer sports clothes early this year, 'cause the gals are raiding the boys departments!



THE SECRET OF BALDHEAD MOUNTAIN

(Continued from page 32)

The next evening Slim picked the boys up on a prearranged corner in Pay Dirt.

"You're half an hour late," Roger pointed out. "Did you have a flat or something?" He got into the car after Bill and shut the door.

"No. I had a little business to attend to that was easier to take care of after dark. Where's your father?"

"They started a night shift at the tunnel tonight, so he went out."

"Good man. He'll get that job done yet—with a little help from us," Slim grinned.

"Did you find out something?"

"Plenty. I don't know what it all adds up to yet, but—" He swung out of town along Pay Dirt Road and rolled along easily. "All right. See what you fellows make of this."

He slouched down more comfortably behind the wheel and began to talk, and the boys listened intently.

"I ran into a talkative old general store keeper, and picked up some interesting facts—chiefly about your mysterious farmer, Williams. Seems he came out here only about four years ago. Did you know he was Johnson's brother-in-law?" The boys shook their heads, surprised.

"Well, he'd apparently been something of a ne'er-do-well and Johnson had been paying his way for years. Finally he decided to set him up on a farm and see if he could learn to look after himself. For a couple of years he didn't do much—seems he's a bad farmer. Then he took on a new hired man—chap named Minton—and after that he began to have a good deal of money to spend."

"Minton! But he's no farmer. He was a dynamiter on the tunnel until he quit the other day," Roger said.

"I know. You told me. So I was interested in just what kind of successful agriculture went on

at Williams' all of a sudden. Especially when I found out Minton used to be employed by Robertson, at the old Alice Mine."

Roger let out a long low whistle. "Now we're really going in a circle."

"We may be—when we get a couple of ends that meet," Slim said.

"Well, I bet they meet in Silvermine," Bill put in eagerly. "Gee, Rog, I sure wish now we'd looked for that second entrance the other day. Maybe they're getting in through it and—"

"I looked today," Slim told him. "It's boarded up too—hasn't been used for years obviously. But I never heard of any law against a mine having three entrances."

Bill was sitting forward on the seat. "Let's start looking for the third one. If we walk all over Baldhead—"

Slim gestured him quiet. "That may not be necessary—to prove our case. I thought of it too, but I figured out an easier way to find out if Williams was working the old mine. I asked myself what he'd do with the ore. And I found out. That's what I was doing after dark!"

"Gosh," Roger breathed. "What did you find? And where?"

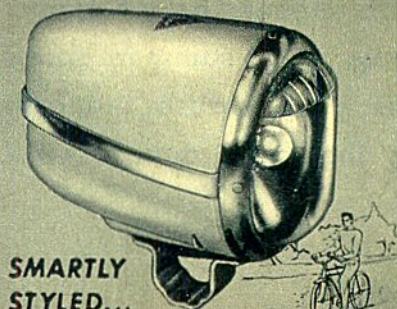
"That fine new barn Williams put up a year ago doesn't seem to have any livestock in it at all, or even any hay. There's just some machinery—a small but efficient smelting plant. I brought you this to prove I haven't been dreaming. Found it in the barn." And he tossed Roger a piece of ore.

"I suspect it's pretty good grade," he added. "Which would explain why it's worth it to him to operate on a small

scale. But one of the things that puzzles me—just one of them—is that Williams doesn't sound smart enough to manage a thing like this."

"Somebody else could be helping him—somebody smarter," Bill said.

"Yes. (Continued on page 42)



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QUIZZING ALL BOYS

Sharpen your pencil and tackle
this variety quiz. The solution is on page 58

1. Would you say the X-ray was discovered about (a) 25 years ago; (b) 50 years ago; or (c) 40 years ago?

2. Memorial Day was inaugurated to honor the casualties of which war? The Spanish-American War; the War of 1812; the Civil War.

3. In the following group of words find the one which is misspelled: Desiccate; permanent; incongruous; vicissitude; moccasin.

4. During the war the Coast Guard served under the Navy. Now it has returned to its peacetime department, which is: (a) The Treasury Department; (b) The Army; (c) The Immigration Bureau.

5. Is Iceland divided by the Arctic Circle; almost completely below it; or almost entirely north of it? The answer may surprise you!

6. The U. S. Secret Service during

the war for espionage and sabotage behind the enemy lines was called the OSS. What do these initials represent?

7. A pitched baseball's speed has been measured. Would you guess the rate of speed to be (a) 94 MPH; (b) 66 MPH; (c) 50 MPH.

8. For years the decency of the movies was supervised by the William H. Hays Office. Mr. Hays' successor in office is (a) Leon Henderson; (b) Eric Johnston; (c) David Selznick.

9. One of these is known as an atom smashing machine. Can you underline the right one? (a) Turbine; (b) Dynamo; (c) Cyclotron.

10. Boxing fans should find this one easy. A short chopping blow delivered to the back of the neck is a (a) rabbit punch; (b) solar plexus blow; (c) jab.

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That's one of the items we'll have to look into. We—"

A motor roared behind them and a truck tore past. Slim stopped talking and slowed down, reaching for a handkerchief when he began to sneeze. But suddenly he stepped on the accelerator again.

"I think that was Williams' truck," he said. "It was parked near the barn tonight, and I noticed it had a piece broken out of the glass over the tail light. Hope I haven't lost him."

Roger was leaning toward the windshield, trying to peer through the dust against which their headlights made a flat glare. "You can't lose anybody around here—not when they all leave trails like that," he said.

"Right you are."

After that none of them talked.

They just sat quiet, staring ahead. Roger could feel a tight ball of excitement in his stomach.

They had been nearing Silvermine when the truck passed, and they were less than a mile beyond the ghost town when the wall of dust around them dissolved suddenly into a fine cloud and then disappeared entirely.

"He's turned off," Roger said. "I never noticed a road there," he added.

"I didn't notice one today either," Slim agreed, in a quiet taut voice. "But I've checked the speedometer and I can find the spot again. When I've taken you boys home I'll—"

"Oh, Slim!" Bill objected. "Can't we—?"

"No. This may not be kid stuff. And I promised your father I—"

"Slim," Roger broke in quickly, "even this dust doesn't hang forever. If you take us all the way back to town—Please. That truck turned off toward Baldhead. You want to know where it went, don't you?"

Slim Warner didn't answer for a long moment, and then slowly he pulled the car to the side of the road and over the low ditch into

a field. "All right," he said. "You win. You can go with me as far as the spot where the truck turned off—I can find it by counting paces. But there you'll have to wait. You can find a good hiding place off the road somewhere. I'll go on up the mountain."

"Gee, Slim, can't we—?"

"No. That's final. But don't worry—you'll have a job to do." In the faint light of the dashboard as he bent over to read the speedometer his face looked serious. "If I'm not back in—say a couple of hours—or if you hear any signs of trouble, come back to the car and go for help."

He reached into the glove compartment and drew out something that glinted in the moonlight. It was an automatic!

"Ready?" the detective asked.

Baldhead Mountain.

"Do you suppose there are coyotes out here?" Bill murmured finally.

"I don't know. What's the matter? Scared?"

"Yeah. And so are you. You just—"

"Shh!" Roger interrupted. "There's a car coming. Get down."

The throbbing sound grew loud and suddenly a pair of headlights pierced the darkness, moving more slowly as they approached. And then, directly in front of the boys, they swung away toward the mountain, jiggling erratically as the car bounced over an obviously rough trail.

"Whoever's in that car might see Slim," Bill breathed.

"He'll see them first, I hope." Roger found he was clutching a

branch of the bush tightly in his fingers and he let it go. "At least it looks as if we're on the trail of something."

They kept their eyes on the red tail light that glowed dimly through the dust, as the car climbed higher and higher and then swung toward the right. For some distance it followed a course roughly parallel to the road below and then the lights

blinked out and it disappeared.

"What do we do now?" Bill wanted to know.

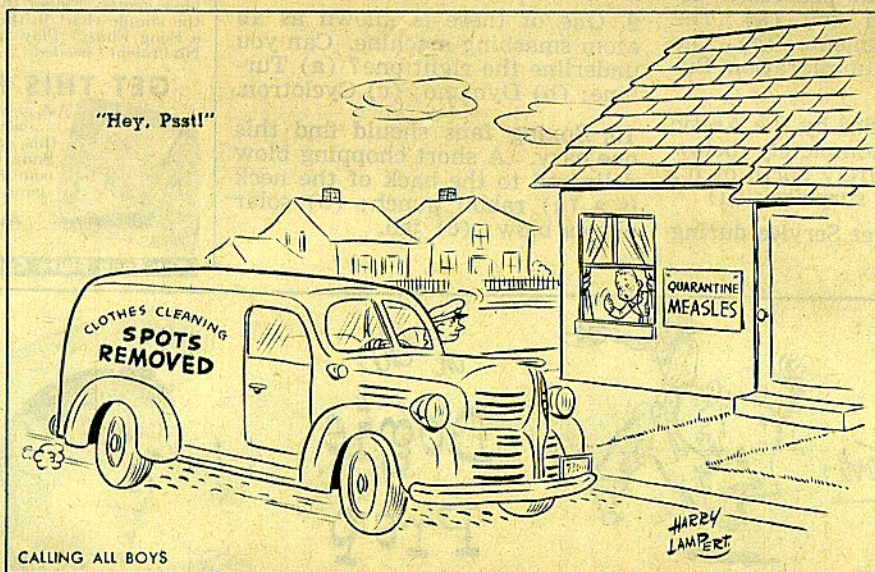
"Just what Slim told us—wait."

They kept their eyes fastened on the spot where they had last seen the car lights, and again time crawled past. And then, finally, they saw them come on again. A moment later the car backed around and began to descend. This time the boys almost burrowed into the sand as it came down the last stretch of the trail and the headlights pointed directly at them. Then the car went by, and the boys breathed easier.

Suddenly Bill grabbed Roger and pointed up at the mountain.

"Look!" he cried. "A flash-light signal! Could it be Slim?"

(To be continued)



"Then let's go."

Together they climbed up the road till they came to the spot where the truck had turned off, leaving a cloud of dust in the air.

"This is it," Slim said. "You wait over there."

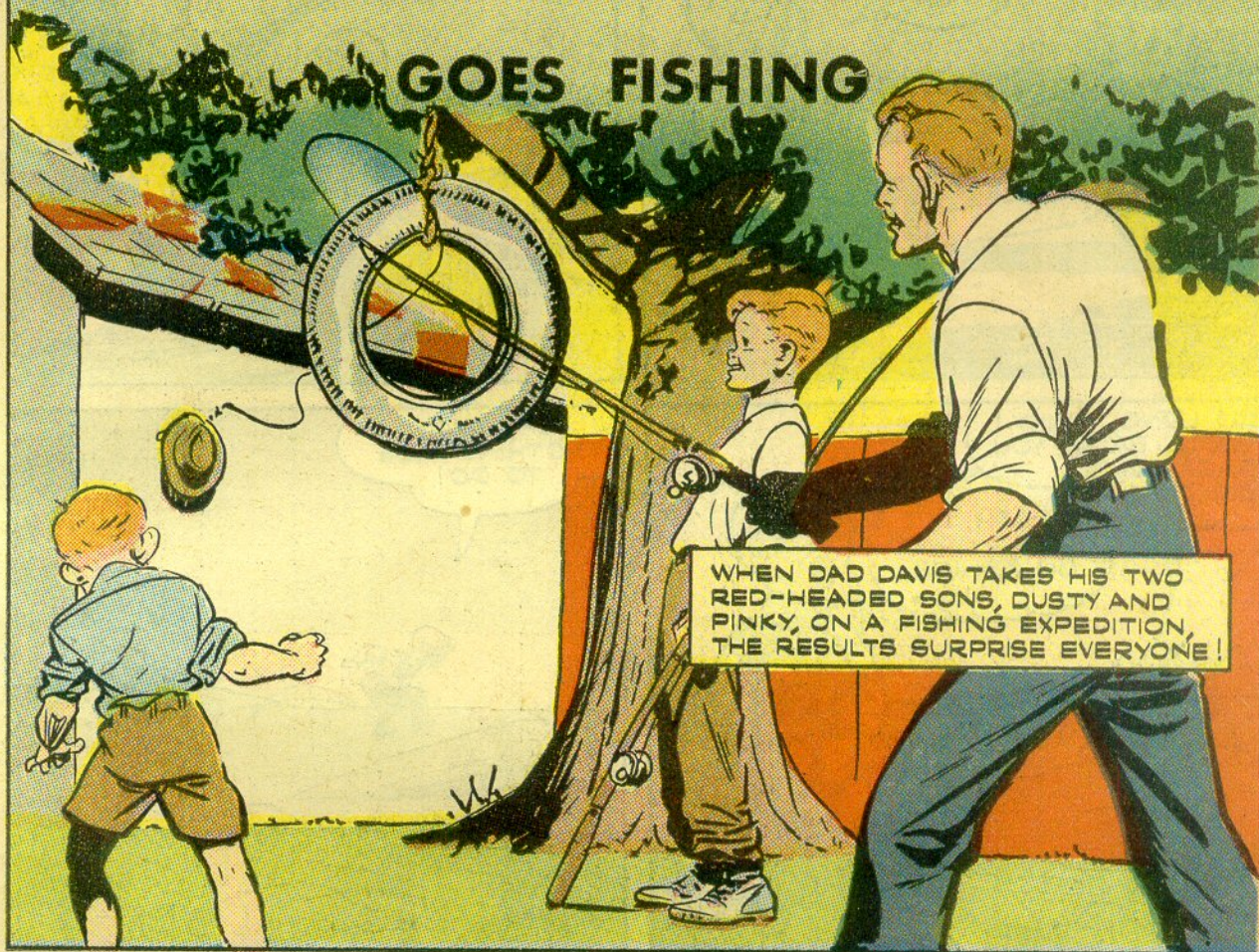
He pointed at a sagebrush by the side of the road, and without protest the two boys moved into its protecting shadow.

"Remember," the detective said, "give me two hours. Then go for help!" He grinned in the night and was gone.

Roger and Bill huddled beside the sagebrush for what seemed like hours. But when Roger checked his watch he discovered it had been only forty-five minutes since Slim had left them to follow Williams' truck toward

DUSTY DAVIS

GOES FISHING



WHEN DAD DAVIS TAKES HIS TWO RED-HEADED SONS, DUSTY AND PINKY, ON A FISHING EXPEDITION, THE RESULTS SURPRISE EVERYONE!

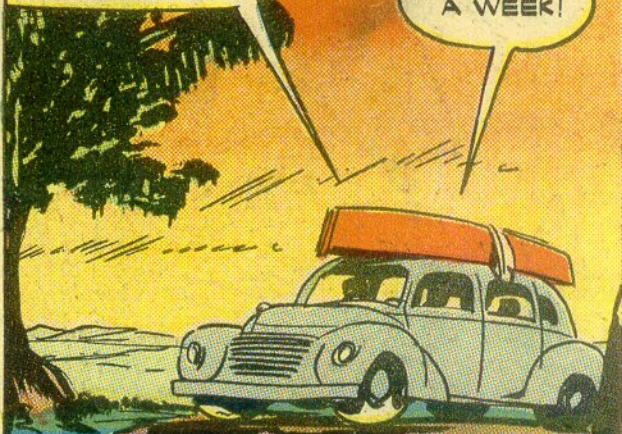


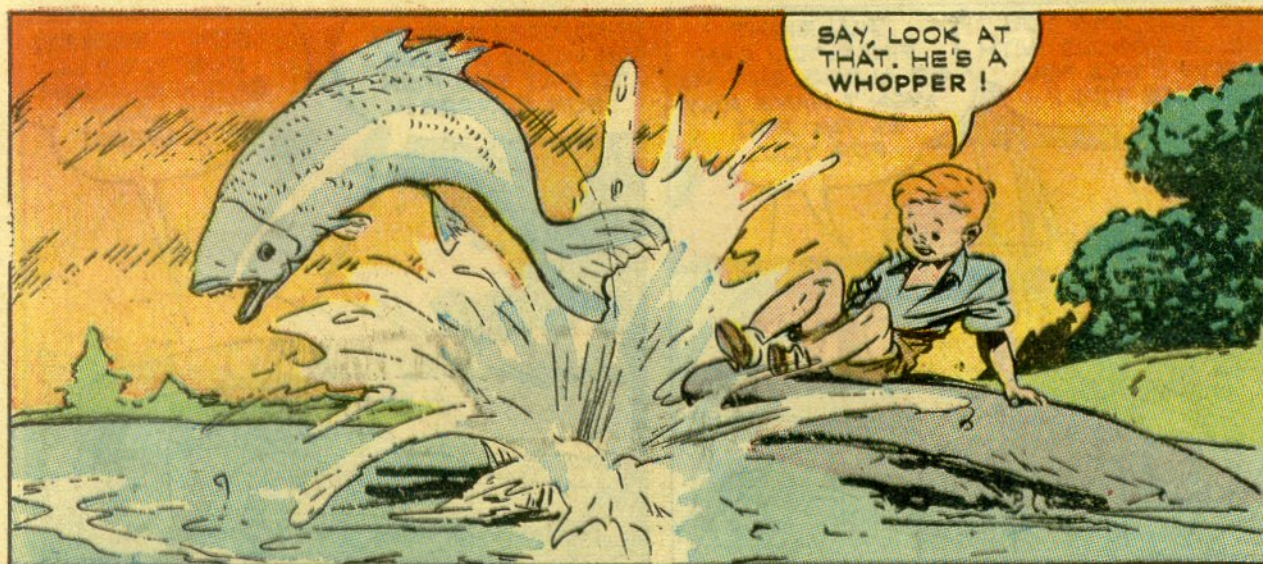
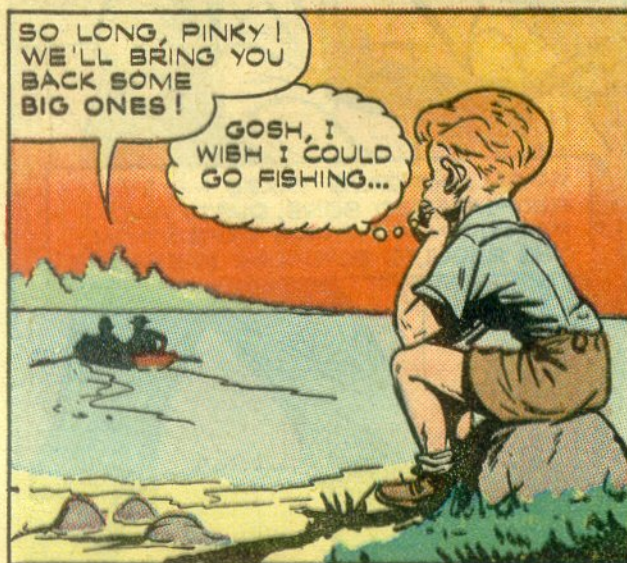
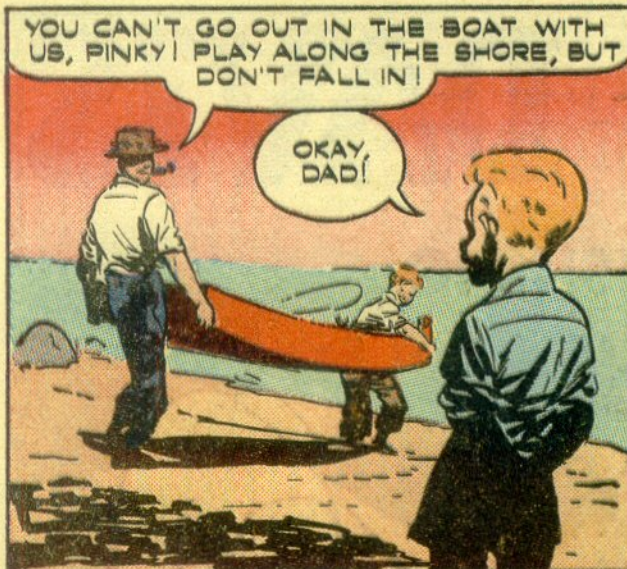
GEE, DAD, ARE YOU GOING FISHING WITH DUSTY? WILL YOU TAKE ME TOO?

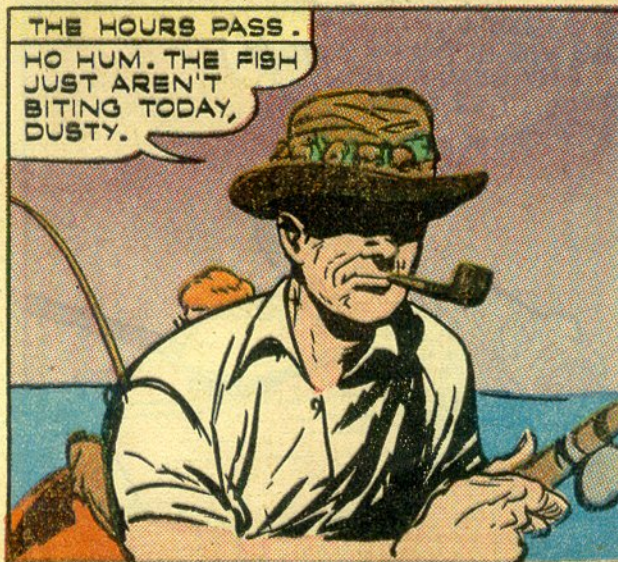
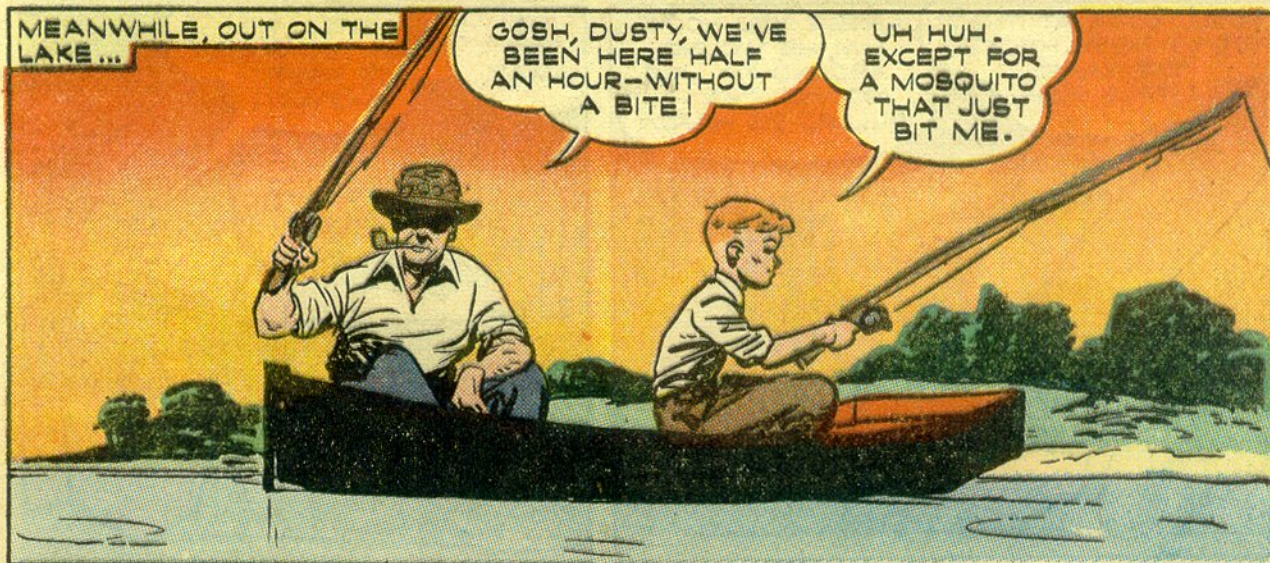
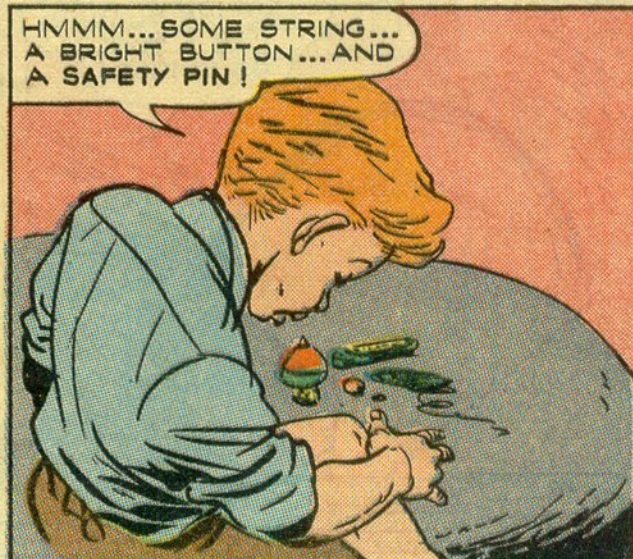
ALL RIGHT PINKY. YOU CAN GO ALONG, BUT WE WON'T HAVE ANY EXTRA ROD FOR YOU.

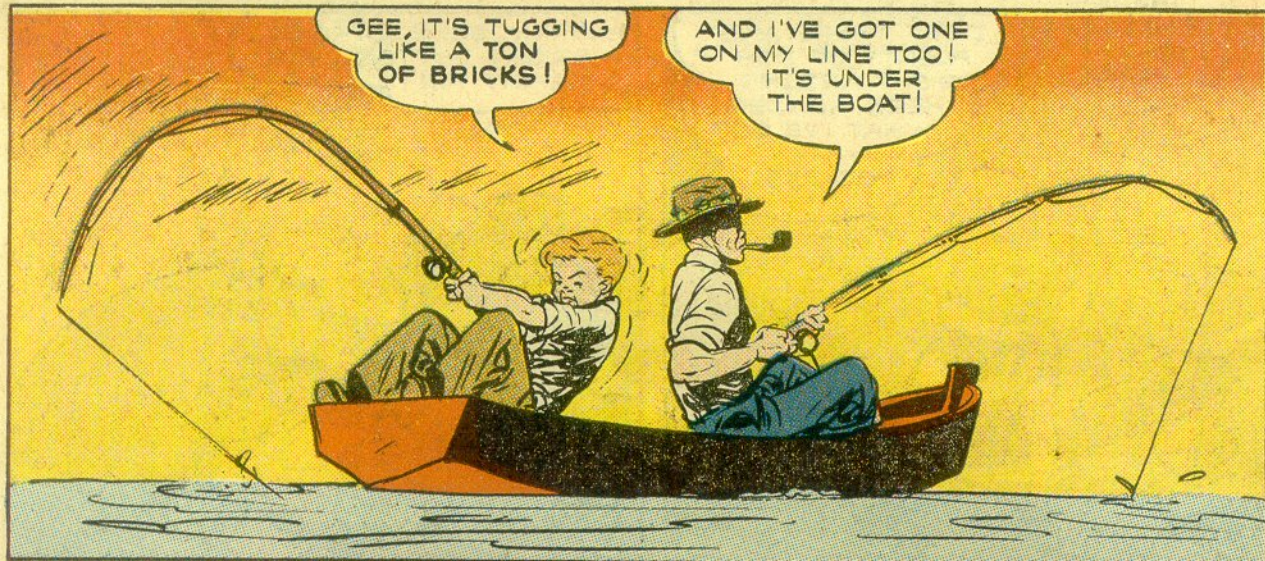
DAD, MOM SAID TO BE HOME IN TIME TO FRY THE FISH FOR SUPPER.

DON'T WORRY, DUSTY, WE'LL CATCH ENOUGH TO LAST A WEEK!



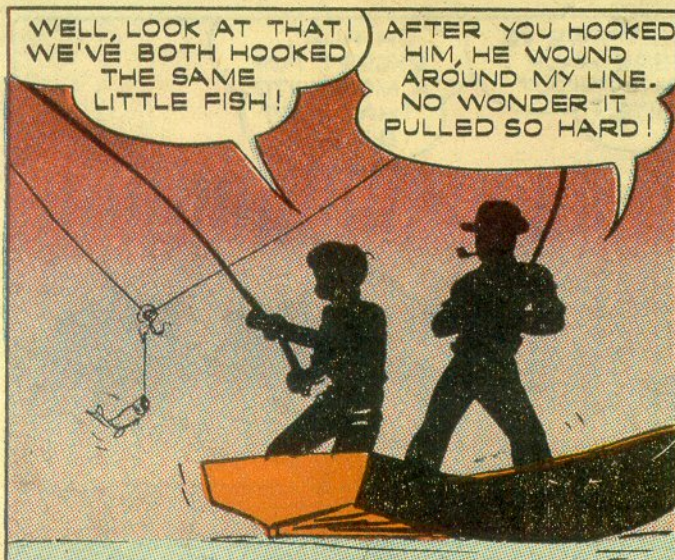






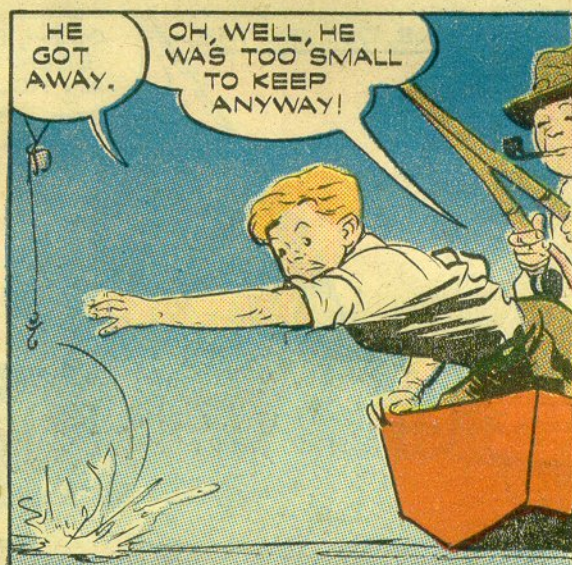
GEE, IT'S TUGGING
LIKE A TON
OF BRICKS!

AND I'VE GOT ONE
ON MY LINE TOO!
IT'S UNDER
THE BOAT!



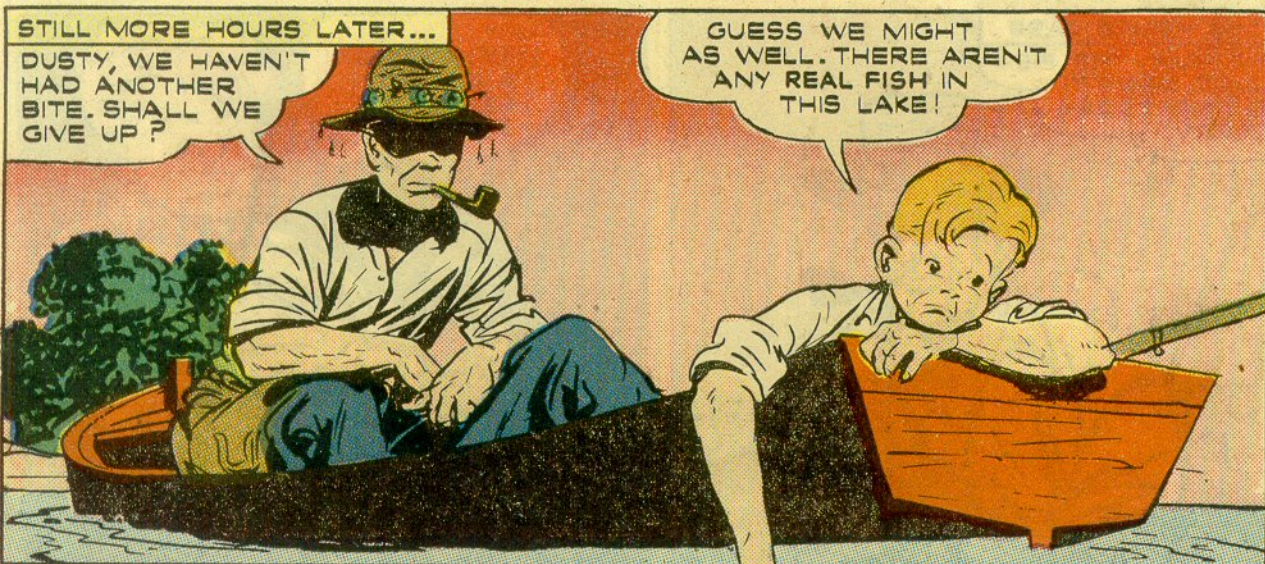
WELL, LOOK AT THAT!
WE'VE BOTH HOOKED
THE SAME
LITTLE FISH!

AFTER YOU HOOKED
HIM, HE WOUND
AROUND MY LINE.
NO WONDER IT
PULLED SO HARD!



HE
GOT
AWAY.

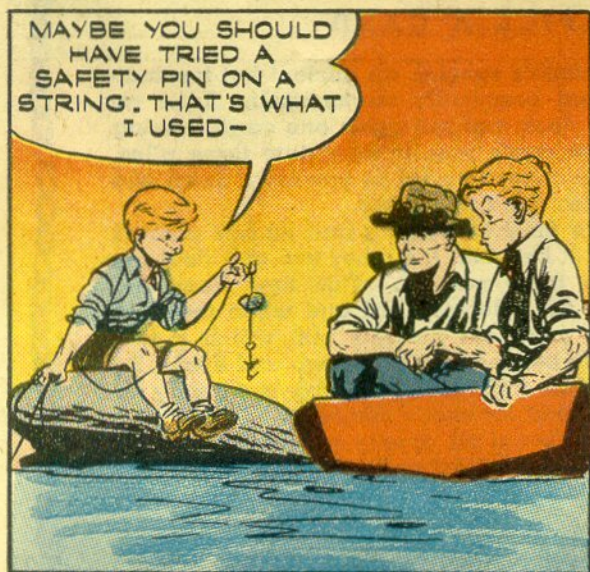
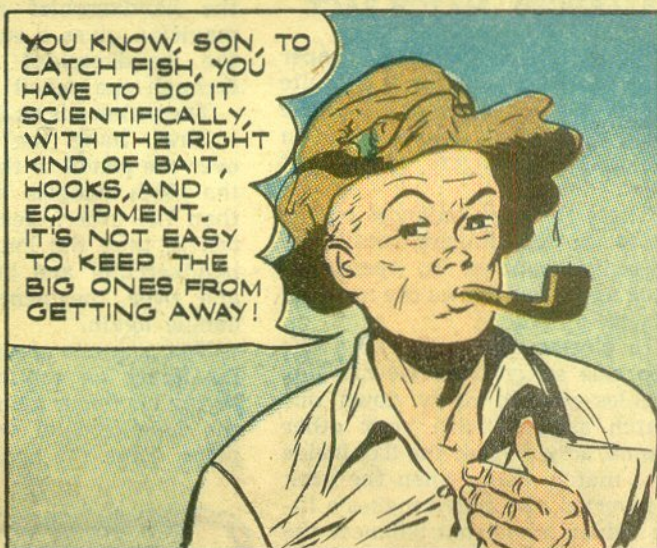
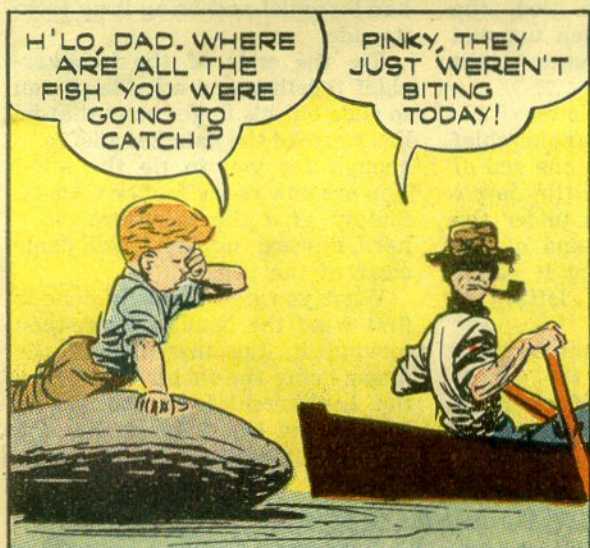
OH, WELL, HE
WAS TOO SMALL
TO KEEP
ANYWAY!



STILL MORE HOURS LATER...

DUSTY, WE HAVEN'T
HAD ANOTHER
BITE. SHALL WE
GIVE UP?

GUESS WE MIGHT
AS WELL. THERE AREN'T
ANY REAL FISH IN
THIS LAKE!



Magic Tricks



By WALTER GIBSON

BALANCED MATCH PACK

OPENING a pack of paper matches to show it is quite ordinary, the performer closes the pack, then sets it upside down on the first two fingers of his left hand.

There the pack balances on the backs of the fingers, until the magician removes it, opens the pack again and shows the matches exactly as before.

In closing the pack, keep the flap side away from view. This enables you to draw down one match slightly with your other thumb, so you close the flap inside that match. Now, when the pack is inverted, the match makes a little hidden stand that balances the match pack.

This is done on the back of the hand, rather than a table, because the match is shorter than the pack; therefore to make the balance almost vertical, the fingers can be tilted slightly downward.

Afterward, in reopening the pack, the other thumb presses the single match in place with the others, so that the pack and its contents may be shown as ordinary as before.

This is the sort of trick that can be a real puzzler, provided that you do it so smoothly that none of your spectators notice your fingers at work. So practice it, until you're sure that you've got it down pat! Then try it!

HANDKERCHIEF PENETRATION

A HANDKERCHIEF is wrapped twice around a pencil, the ends of which are held by two spectators. Then the ends of the handkerchief are tied, the magician gives a sudden tug and the handkerchief comes right through the pencil!

The process is as follows:

First, hang the handkerchief over the pencil so that one end of the cloth dangles a little lower than the other. Reach under the pencil, take the long end of the handkerchief and bring it under and over the pencil, letting it dangle again.

Now ask one spectator to place his finger on top of the pencil, laying his finger along the folds of the handkerchief to keep it in place. Take the same end of the

handkerchief that you used before, bring it back over the spectator's finger, down under the pencil and up. Take the other end of the handkerchief and bring it up from its side.

Tie the ends of the handkerchief together and ask the person to slide out his finger, now that he has steadied the handkerchief long enough for you to tie the knot. You are now ready for the Climax. Simply give the handkerchief a hard, upward tug, and it will come clear of the pencil.

What you have artfully done is first wind the handkerchief, then unwind it, the insertion of the finger being the factor that keeps the handkerchief on the pencil. Removal of the finger makes the climax automatic.

PICK A CARD

HERE'S this month's special, an ancient but fascinating trick that practically works itself. Take an ordinary playing deck and put aside one card, leaving 51. Now deal the cards face upward into three piles, asking someone to choose a card as you lay it down and bear in mind which pack it fell into.

When you have finished dealing and he has pointed out the pack, put it between the other two and deal the cards again into three parcels. This time have the person watch for the selected card and when the deal ends ask him to point out the pile into which it fell. Again put this pile between the other two and deal. Do this four times, then announce that you are ready to produce the card that he chose mentally.

To do this simply count off, openly or secretly, twenty-five cards either from the front or back of the deck. The twenty-sixth card will always be the one selected!

DIG BAILEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.

YOU GUYS TIE BAILEY UP!
I'LL CRACK THE SAFE
AND EMPTY IT!



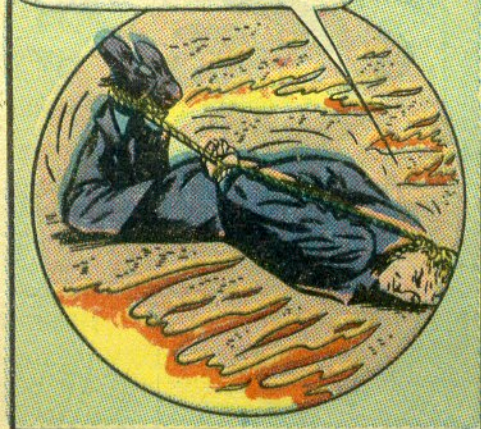
A MINUTE LATER...

OKAY, BOYS, LET'S GET
BACK TO THE SPEEDBOAT
THIS TUB'LL BE BLOWING
IN A COUPLA MINUTES.
THE TNT IN THE RADIO
ROOM IS ALL SET
TO GO!

THAT VOICE...
NOW I'M
SURE WHO'S
BACK OF
THIS.



BUT IF THE BOYS OF THE
"BROADSIDE" DON'T GET HERE
PRONTO, NOBODY WILL KNOW
THE REAL TRUTH.



THERE'S THE "RED
BANNER," ARCHIE. IT'S
ON FIRE!

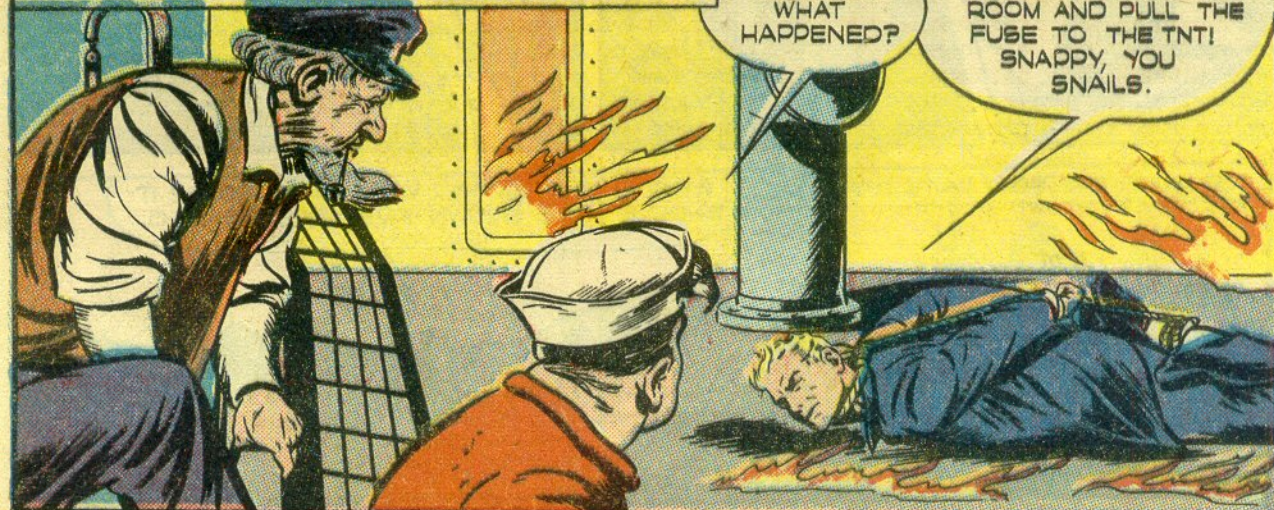
ZEKE, A SPEEDBOAT OFF
THE BANNER'S PORT BOW!
TEN TO ONE, DIG'S ABOARD
AND IN TROUBLE.



AND NOW, WITH SECONDS RUNNING SHORT...

SKIPPER,
WHAT
HAPPENED?

INTO THE RADIO
ROOM AND PULL THE
FUSE TO THE TNT!
SNAPPY, YOU
SNAILS.





CAN'T SEE NOTHING.

BUT I DO. THAT WIRE LEADING INTO THE BOX.



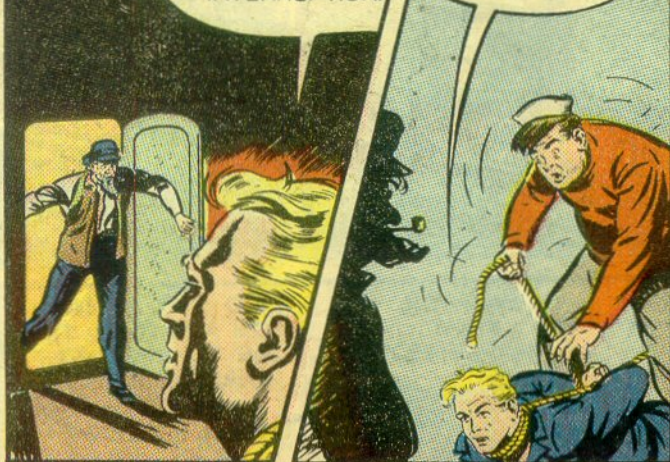
WOW, ANOTHER MINUTE AND THIS FUSE WOULD HAVE TOUCHED OFF THE EXPLOSIVE!

GOSH, LOOK AT THAT TNT!

HEY, SKIPPER, WE PUT IT OUT. BUT HOW COME THAT FIRE WE SAW DIED DOWN?

IT WAS A PHONEY STAGE FIRE -SET TO GET RID OF THE CREW SO THE HIJACKER'S BOAT COULD COME IN AND WORK WITHOUT INTERRUPTION.

IT WAS A COVER-UP STUNT TO PUT SUSPICION ON BANKS. WITH THE FIRE, EVERYBODY'D THINK HE WAS TRYING TO COLLECT INSURANCE.

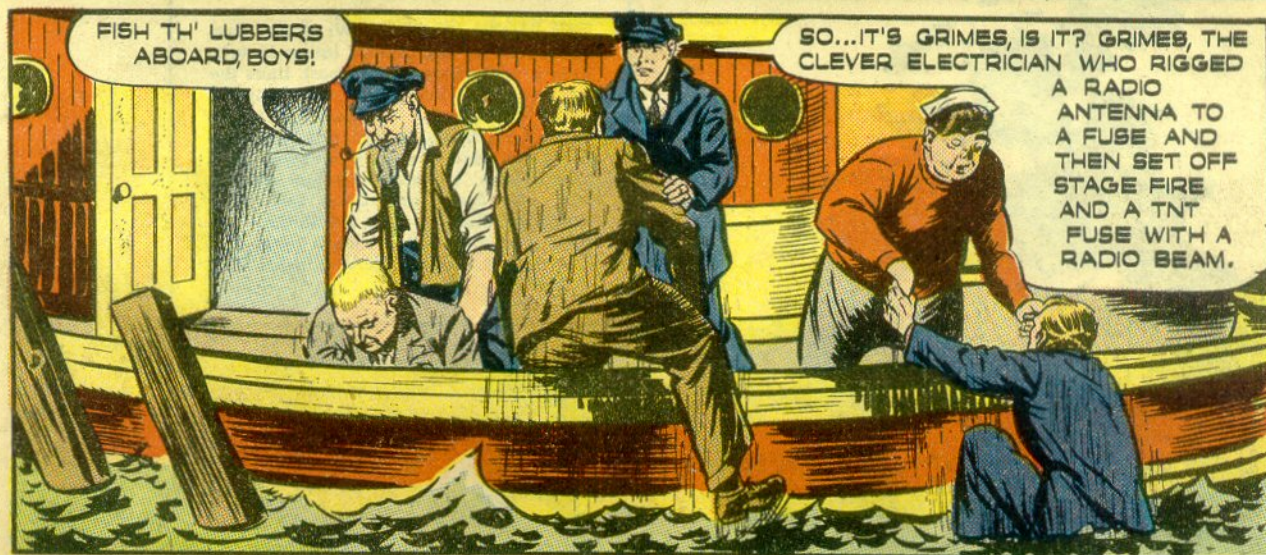


COME ON, BOYS, WE'VE GOT AN ERRAND OF JUSTICE TO RUN...AN ERRAND THAT LEADS TO INDIAN POINT.

THE HIJACKER'S BOAT WAITS OFFSHORE...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT SOUP? IT SHOULD HAVE BLOWN FIVE MINUTES AGO.





Peril Outpost

As night fell, Makat's warriors of the Knife canoed toward the island. What chance had Colin and Emile, weaponless, against them?

By JIM KJELGAARD

THE STORY UP TO NOW: Colin Graham, sent by his injured father to take over a wilderness trading post, finds the fort burned to the ground and stripped bare by ravaging Indians. A single white man, Emile Coteau, has remained in hiding, but his only weapon is a blunderbuss, for which he has no bullets. As Emile and Colin talk, they suddenly discover that an Indian has been spying on them from the forest, and has slipped away. NOW FINISH THE STORY.



COLIN STRAIGHTENED, and stared into the spruces where the warrior had been crouching. He shivered. The lone brave probably had come back to the looted fort for the sole purpose of finding out who and what might be there, and he had not attacked either because he had not wanted to attack two men or else because it was Makat's order to take some prisoners. Colin bit his lip. More than one wandering *voyageur* had witnessed and described to him in exact detail what happened to prisoners taken by the People of the Knife. He asked suddenly.

"Where is this musket, and the sack of red beads, that you took by mistake from the store house?"

"Come, M'sieu. I will show you."

Emile Coteau set off through the spruces, stalking softly, careful to put his foot down on no twig or branch that in breaking might betray his presence. He made a wide circle through the trees to a thick copse of spruces. The musket, a bell-mouthed blunderbuss, leaned against one of the trees. The sack of red beads lay beside it, pressing its own shape into the needle-carpeted ground. Colin's eyes strayed to the two powder horns at Emile Coteau's belt.

"Are you sure they'll return?" he asked.

"Oui. We had best go deep into the forest, and remain hidden."

Colin looked wistfully at the burned fort, and into the forest. Emile Coteau was counselling wisdom, it was best to hide. Only . . .

Again there seemed to rise before Colin the pain-racked, worried face of his father. Let them have the furs it had taken him so long to collect? No!

He said, "And if, instead of so doing, we choose to remain here and fight?"

"We cannot fight," Emile Coteau's eyes were laden with mild reproof. "Where is the weapon to prevail against seven rifles?"

"We may try to do with the tools we have at hand. There is the musket, and the glass beads in place of shot."

Emile Coteau said gravely, "No one shoots beads in a musket. It is a desperate chance."

"It is a chance."

A wild and eager light appeared in the little woods-runner's eyes. For the first time he looked warmly at Colin.

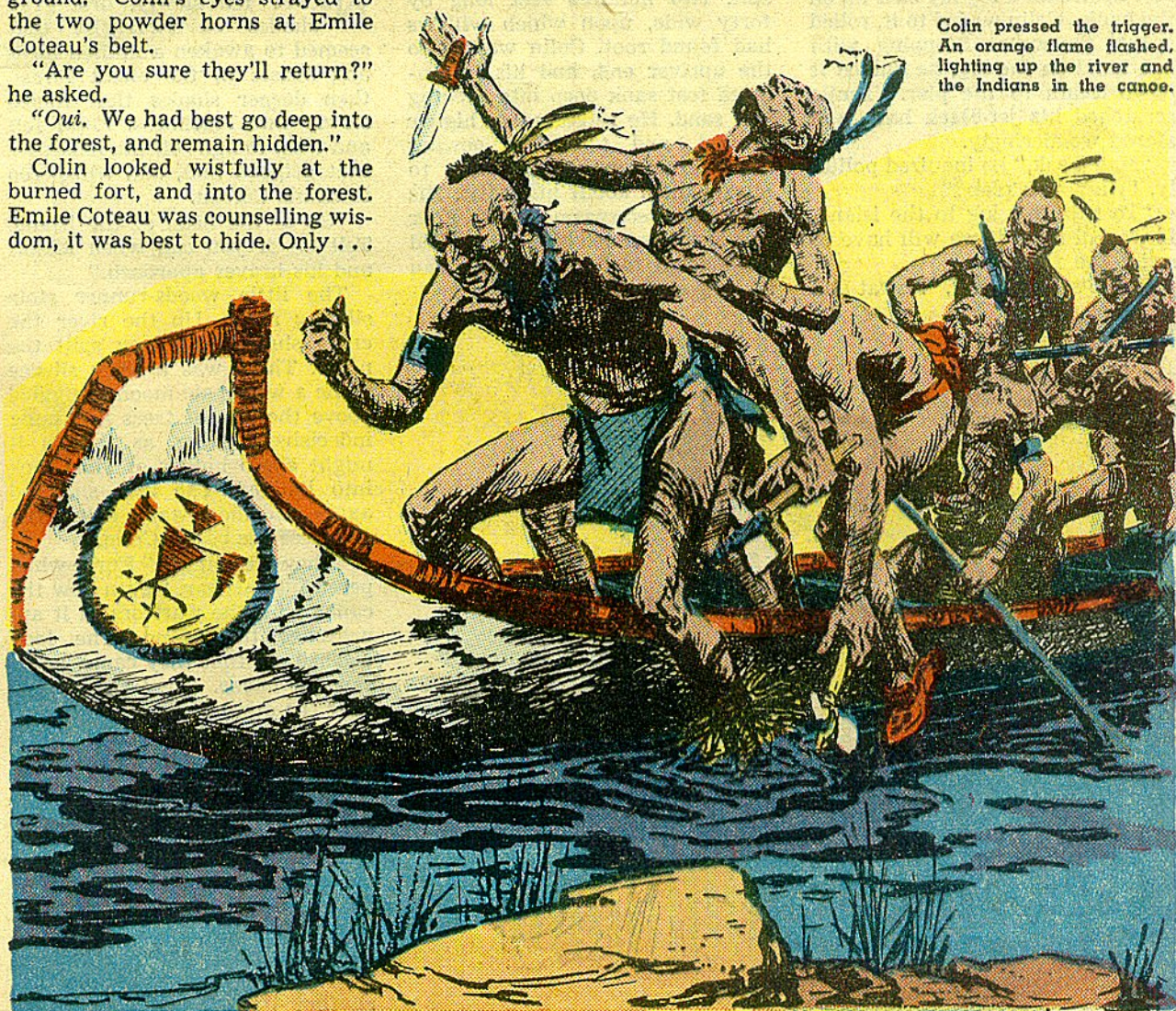
"I prefer fighting to running," he said simply.

"Can you swim?"

"Oui."

"Then come."

Colin pressed the trigger. An orange flame flashed, lighting up the river and the Indians in the canoe.



Colin led the way back through the spruces to the river, and looked across its placid surface. Another flock of ducks had descended on it, were floating halfway between the pier and the willow-studded little island. Colin glanced down the river, and his hand trembled as he unbuckled his belt and slid the sheathed knife from it. He clenched his fist, and the stubborn wilfulness that George Graham had passed on to his son flooded his face.

"Take the knife," he said to Emile. "Watch it well, and give me your powder horns."

Emile Coteau glanced questioningly at him, but unbuckled his belt and handed it to Colin. Colin hung the powder horns around his neck, and waded into the shallow water to look upriver. A hundred feet upstream a log lay cast up on the bank. Colin waded to it, rolled it into the water. Stopping, with one hand on the log, he guided it downstream to the pier. Emile scratched his jet-black hair, and stared wonderingly.

"May I ask," he inquired politely, "what you plan?"

"To ride this log to the island. If we fall from it we will have to swim the river."

Emile said gravely, "Makat and

his warriors are not children. They will see us go there."

"I hope they do. Are you afraid, Emile?"

The little woods-runner sniffed, and stalked proudly down to the river. He laid the sack of red beads in front of him, held the musket in one hand, and straddled the log. Colin mounted the back end, and leaned forward to paddle with his hands. The log moved sluggishly into the easy current, and grated in shallow water at a point almost exactly opposite the one from which they had started. Colin waded ashore, and started upriver. Pierre Nicolet's brigade had passed that way only this morning. But this morning seemed a thousand days ago. Colin looked at the island.

It was barely more than a sand-spit, two hundred feet long by forty wide, upon which willows had found root. Colin walked to the upriver end, and his moccasined feet sank deep into sucking wet sand. He retreated to higher ground, and took the powder horns from around his neck to buckle them about his waist. His throat worked spasmodically. Fear and doubt assailed him. He walked back down to find Emile Coteau staring curiously at him.

"I would like to make a request, M'sieu."

"Make it, Emile."

"If your mad plan succeeds," the little woods-runner said gravely, "if you can repel Makat and his six braves from this island, I, Emile Coteau, will know that you are indeed a mighty man. And I ask that I be allowed to go with and serve you wherever you go."

"And I shall be happy to have you," Colin said. "Do you think Makat will come?"

"Oui. He will come. But he knows now that we are alarmed, and he will wait until night."

"So let him," Colin said. He measured the distance to the pier with his eyes. "Leave the musket and the beads here, Emile. There will be nothing to do until night."

NIGHT fell slowly, first gray shades of twilight that seemed to awaken a million birds and beasts in the silent forest, then deeper shades that folded slowly into blackness. Colin felt and tried to fight off the tenseness that gripped him, and whispered to Emile Coteau.

"Go to the head of the island. Tell me if you can when Makat and his braves approach."

The little woods-runner stole silently away. Up the river the crazy shriek of a loon split the night. There was a little silence while a wan, pale moon struggled above the line of trees and hung indecisively there, as though it might climb higher or sink back into its bed. The loon shrieked again, and there was a soft rustle of moccasins beside Colin.

"They are coming," Emile whispered into his ear. "Even now the canoe with the warriors in it approaches the island. The loon warned me that they came, and I saw the canoe. They are staying near the other bank of the river."

"Sit beside me," Colin whispered. "Have your knife ready should it be needed."

He strained his eyes into the blackness, seeing a dozen things that might have been but were not canoes. The gentle rippling of the river beat a lulling little song that was maintained at exactly the same pitch and rhythm. A very faint discordant note in that rhythm warned him. He leaned

Emile Coteau rushed past Colin and grappled with the Indian in the river.



forward, sitting down so he would present no target above the straggling willows, and tried to see the canoe. But he could not.

Then, finally, the white birch bark that covered the fragile craft shone softly in the darkness. The canoe grated in shallow water, and Colin tried to relax his tense muscles. He must choose exactly the right moment, or Makat and his six braves would come yelling up the island, rifles cracking and axes flashing. And, if the glass beads shattered or split the blunderbuss' muzzle—? It was too late to do anything about that now. A fraction of a second after the canoe struck the shallows, Colin elevated the blunderbuss so that its bell-shaped muzzle swung three feet above the canoe's faint outline, and pressed the trigger.

A bright orange flame flashed, lighting up the river, the canoe, and the seven startled braves who had half risen and were preparing

to disembark from it. The terrific recoil hammered Colin back to the willows, and his head jarred against some solid object there. He lay half-stunned, dimly hearing the cries and shrieks that came from the river. But he heard very clearly the shrill crescendo of Emile Coteau's war scream, "Eeeee-ee-ah!"

Something rushed past him, and there was a splashing in the river. It was followed by a muffled cry and a heavy splash. Colin rose shakily to his feet, supporting himself on the musket that he still clenched in his right hand. He stared uncertainly out on the river, and attempted to club the blunderbuss as he felt motion beside him. Suddenly Emile Coteau's beaming face came into sharp focus. Emile wiped the knife on his buckskin trousers, and thrust it back into its sheath.

"They are all gone!" the little Frenchman chortled. "There was

but one left that could stand and fight, and he did not know how to stand against a good knife in the hands of a good man! M'sieu, it was wonderful! I have their canoe!"

Colin shook his aching head. "Emile," he asked thickly, "can you get the laborers back?"

"Oui, M'sieu. They will return now that no peril threatens. And trees are very plentiful. I, Emile Coteau, promise that within one month the fort shall be rebuilt."

"And can we get the trade goods back?"

"A simple matter, M'sieu. Those dogs could not have taken them far, and we have the very canoe in which they were carried away." His teeth flashed in a gleaming smile, and he gave Colin the greatest compliment that could have come from anyone anywhere.

"My troubles are a thing of the past, M'sieu. It is almost as though your father were here."

SHOT IN THE DARK

(Continued from page 13)

Perry Fellows jovially.

The photographer looked up. "Hello, Perry," he said weakly. "How's the *Gazette* these days?"

Perry ignored the question.

"Why didn't you tip us off that you were coming home, Milt? We'd have staged a hero's welcome! And what's the idea, hiding out in this hotel? Aren't you going home?"

Milton Robin squirmed uncomfortably. His tired eyes rested on the cast-enclosed leg.

"To tell the truth," he said hesitantly, "I started there, and then I lost my nerve. I discovered that my confidence was gone. I was scared stiff. Scared that with this bum leg I was washed up..."

He paused, then went on slowly. "When I left Central City I told the wife and kids I'd come back rich and famous—the best war photographer of all. Now here I am, dead broke, and hardly anybody even knows I've been away."

Perry sympathized with his friend. "At any rate," he of-

fered, "your job is waiting for you."

"A lot of news photos I'd get on one good leg!"

"Come on, snap out of it!" urged the reporter. "I'll give you an assignment right now."

"Are you kidding?"

"Not a bit. Listen to this: Bugs Malone is here—in this hotel! There's a twenty-dollar bonus in it for you if you get his picture!"

Milton Robin sat up eagerly.

"Bugs Malone!" he whistled. "Say, that's worth trying. That heister hates photographers like poison. For years he's managed to keep his fat mug out of the tabloids."

"You'll try it?" Perry asked.

"Sure thing! Give me a hand with that Speed Graphic!"

The three went to Malone's room, Beanie carrying the camera. Perry rapped briskly on the door. After a moment it opened half

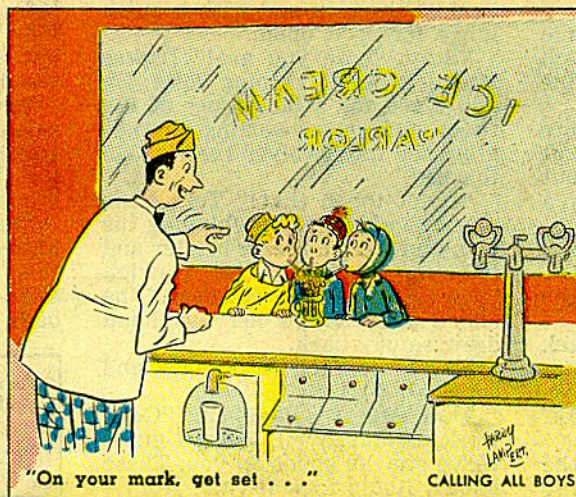
an inch, and Bugs Malone peered out.

Milton Robin took the camera from the bell-boy and raised it, bracing himself against the doorway.

"No! No!" the holdup man bellowed, slamming the door shut. The photographer's flash bulb went off with a blinding glare, but too late.

"You see," he muttered weakly, "I'm no good any longer. It'll be six months before I can grab off fast news shots again."

"Hogwash!" said Perry. "With all of your (Cont'd on next page)



experience taking battle pictures, you shouldn't let that fat-face faze you."

"I know it," the photographer agreed reluctantly as he dragged back to his room.

"Use your ingenuity. Use anything! But get that picture! The whole country ought to know what Malone looks like, so everybody can steer clear of him."

The photographer sank into the armchair in his room. He thought hard for a moment. Then he said, "I've got it! Beanie, can you help me after it gets dark this afternoon?"

"Sure thing," grinned the bellboy.

"Perry, you may have that picture before 10 a.m.!"

"That suits me fine," said the reporter.

Early the next morning, a call came from Milton Robin's room. Beanie rushed upstairs.

"I want you to rush these prints to the *Gazette* office," the photographer told him. He spread five still moist glossies on the bed. "Tell Perry it's not just one picture—it's an action series!"

Beanie glanced at them. He started as he saw another man with Malone.

"Great jumping jelly beans!" he exclaimed. "I recognize that guy! He's John the junk man. What was he doing in Malone's room?"

Milton Robin pointed to one of the pictures. "He delivered a revolver, as I make it out," he said. "Must have picked it up in his junk dealings."

"That's what it is," Beanie agreed, scanning the photograph closely. "Even at that, Malone doesn't seem to be pleased."

"No. Evidently he wanted more than one gun. He whaled out at John with a hooker that all but knocked him flat. See—here's a picture of it."

"Golly!" Beanie marveled. "You didn't miss a thing!"

The photographer shoved the prints into an envelope.

"Rush these to Perry," he said. "Whatever may be going on, we've got to nip it quick. Otherwise Central City may find itself mixed up in a big gang war."

A few minutes later, in the *Gazette* office, the reporter

scanned the picture series as if he could not believe his eyes.

"It's the biggest story of the year!" he cried. "Bugs Malone, hardly one day out of jail and already back to his old tricks! Bring those pictures—we'll get Tom Murphy busy."

They drove to the police station, where Tom Murphy, Chief of the Central City force, scanned the photos with a worried frown.

"We'll take a look in on Bugs



Malone," he opined. "If he still has that gun in his possession, I'll pick him up."

In the Chief's patrol car the three sped to the hotel. Beanie led them through the lobby to the elevator and took them to the third floor. He knocked on Bugs Malone's door. No answer!

Tom Murphy thrust his knee against the lock and with a quick lunge forced it open.

"Stay where you are!" It was Malone's harsh, rasping voice. He had dived for a far corner of the room and was reaching desperately for the revolver that lay on the bed.

"Don't touch that!" Tom Murphy ordered sternly, whipping his own gun from a breast holster and training it upon the convict. "Beanie, get that revolver," he added as Malone's nervous hand drew slowly back.

Beanie grasped it gingerly and snatched it from the bed.

Tom Murphy laughed. "Good work, Beanie. Well, Bugs, I guess we've got the goods on you. These photos Robin took tell the story."

"What story?" asked Perry Fellows. "What's it all about?"

"Bugs Malone was trying to force members of his old gang to get him a stock of firearms," said Murphy. "Old John, the junk man, was a member of the gang. He had been going straight until Bugs turned the heat on him. I was keeping an eye on Bugs, but the photos are the proof I needed."

"Excuse me!" Perry Fellows cried. "I've got to get the presses started. Beanie, where's Milton Robin's room?"

Beanie led him to it quickly.

"Milt, here's a fifty-dollar bonus for the biggest scoop in Central City's history!" Perry reached into his wallet and crammed five ten-dollar bills into the photographer's hand.

Milton Robin's wan grin regained its confidence as he counted out the money. Peeling off one bill, he handed it to Beanie.

"That's for your help last night. Why don't you get that camera back from the junk dealer and keep it for yourself?"

"Great jumping jelly beans!" smiled Beanie. "I sure will!"

"There's one thing I still don't understand,"

said Perry as he started to dash off. "How did you manage to get five pictures, Milt? Seems to me the first flashbulb would have tipped those two off."

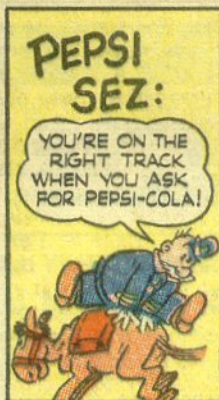
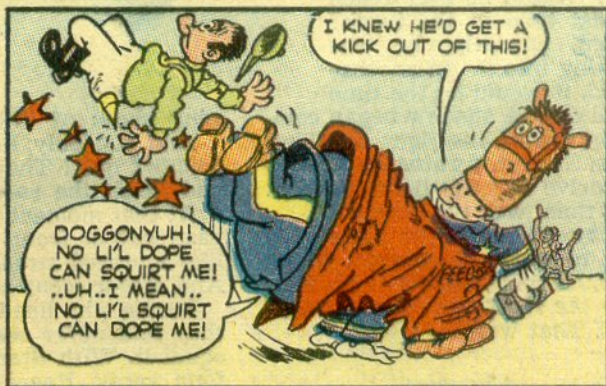
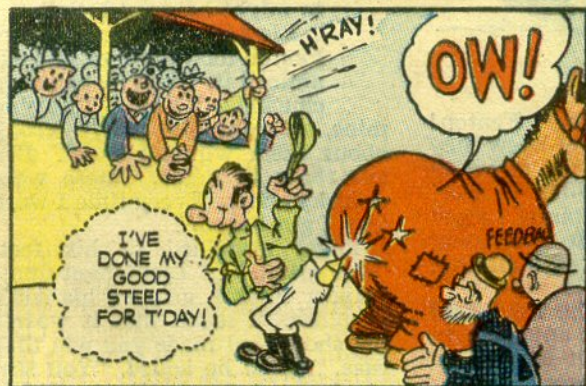
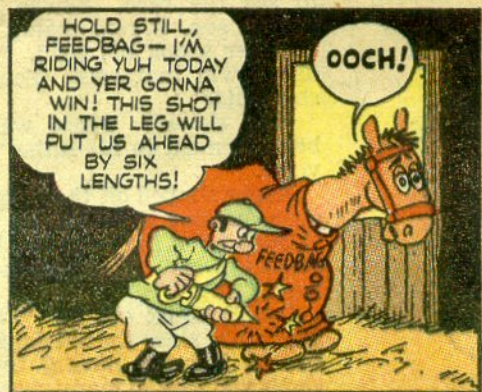
"That's a trick I learned during the war," said Robin. "First I had Beanie let me into a room across the court from Bugs Malone's room. To take the pictures, I used infra-red flashbulbs and special film. The bulbs make light aplenty but only the film is sensitive to it; the human eye sees nothing."

"You're a genius, Milt!" Perry called over his shoulder as he started down the corridor. "How's for starting work on the *Gazette* immediately?"

"Starting work today?" The photographer's smile faded. "Not this baby! Beanie, help me get back to my room and pack my bags. I'm going home!"

There'll be an exciting, surprise-packed story by Flynn V. Livingston in the next issue of "CALLING ALL BOYS." You'll enjoy reading "FIND MR. X!"

"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP



LUCKY SHOES

(Continued from page 5)

had arrived. Up until the quarter mile had been announced they had been nowhere in sight.

The official raised his gun, eyed the six crouched runners—*fired!*

Instinct alone sent Roger off like an arrow. Body forward, legs pumping, he threw himself ahead. His getaway was good but Starret's was better. The big Palmer flash took the lead with Roger barely in second place.

Roger poured speed into his flying feet. He had to overtake Starret or his scheme wouldn't work. He closed the gap in one furious spurt. He pulled alongside Starret. Together they whipped around the first bend. Then, even as Roger had predicted, Starret eased the burning pace. And Roger, arms swinging, knees lifted high, tore past to take the lead.

Just the back stretch to go. Then he could drop out. He used the thought as a whip to keep him going. An iron hand seemed to grip his chest. Would he ever reach the last turn in the track?

Then, abruptly, he was swinging into it. In another second, it would be the time to fall out. A shadow began coming up behind his right shoulder. It was Starret, turning on his terrific drive for the home stretch. This, then, was the moment!

Dizzy, spent, Roger forced his brain to work. He slowed, broke stride. He looked down at his feet. *Cross the right one over, stumble—fall.* That was the trick.

For a fleeting second his gaze stayed fastened to his right shoe. And something close to a physical pain jabbed through him. This would be the first time these shoes had ever done anything like that—dropped out of a race, quit cold. They were his Dad's shoes—win-

into the infield. He flopped down on his face. Everything was a confusion of shouting voices. Then, he heard Coach Black talking close by. "I never thought I'd live to see another 'Flying' Fenton finish. I'm proud of Roger. And I know you are, too, Frank."

Roger rolled over and looked up squarely into the face of a big man in the uniform of a Lieutenant Commander. "Dad!" he said.

"Yes, Roger," his father said. "I got here just in time to see the race. You're a champ, son. A real champ."

Roger shook his head. "I didn't win that race. Your shoes did."

"My shoes!" There was bewilderment in his father's voice.

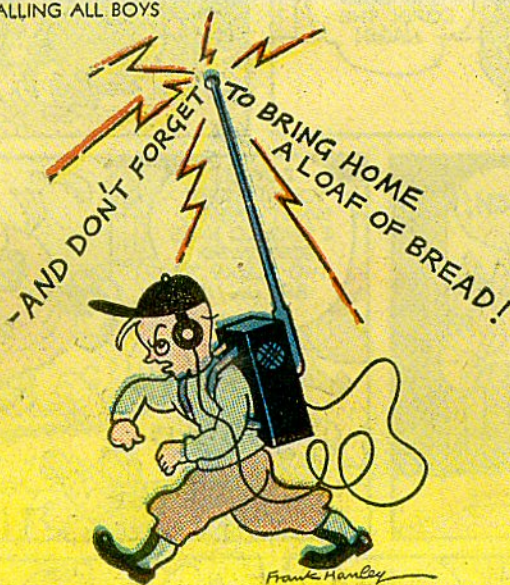
Roger slipped off the right shoe, handed it to his Dad. "Coach gave me your track shoes to wear. They won the race. I didn't."

Coach Black cut in. "I'd kept them since the old days, Frank. Figured having the shoes you won so many races in might be good luck."

Lieutenant Commander Fenton took the shoe and examined it. Then he began to chuckle. "Yes. They're mine, all right. But you're wrong about them winning shoes. I've got those at home. These were unlucky shoes. Every time I wore 'em, I got licked."

Roger stumbled to his feet. "You mean..." Lieutenant Commander Fenton gripped his son's shoulder. "I mean that it wasn't the shoes that made you win that race." Then he added, "You see, son, shoes don't matter. It's what's in them that counts!"

CALLING ALL BOYS



ning shoes of "Flying" Fenton!

And, suddenly, Roger knew they *couldn't* quit! They *had* to go on and finish the race—try to win!

At that moment, Starret surged past, out in front. He was going like a crazed streak of lightning. And Roger went after him.

People who lined the track said they had never seen anything to equal it. With Starret leading by four yards, Roger began closing the gap, running all out.

Fifty yards to go. Forty! Thirty! He was up to Starret's shoulder—even! The two rocketed on down the last thirty yards, side by side, each straining with everything they had to get ahead. The rest of the runners were bunched far behind.

Roger's face was white, his eyes glazed. Twenty yards! Ten! Five! He saw the tape just ahead. He threw himself forward in a frantic twisting lunge. His shoulder hit the white ribbon—broke it. And he was across the line. He was the winner!

Someone grabbed him, led him

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QUIZZING ALL BOYS!

Here are the answers to the questions on page 41:

1. (b)
2. Civil War
3. Should be permanent
4. (a)
5. Almost completely below
6. Office of Strategic Supply
7. (a)
8. (b)
9. (c)
10. (a)

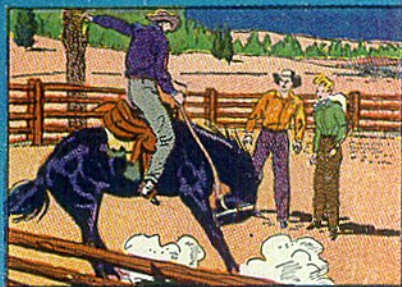
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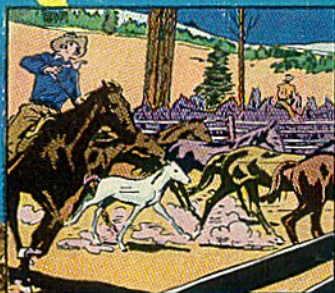
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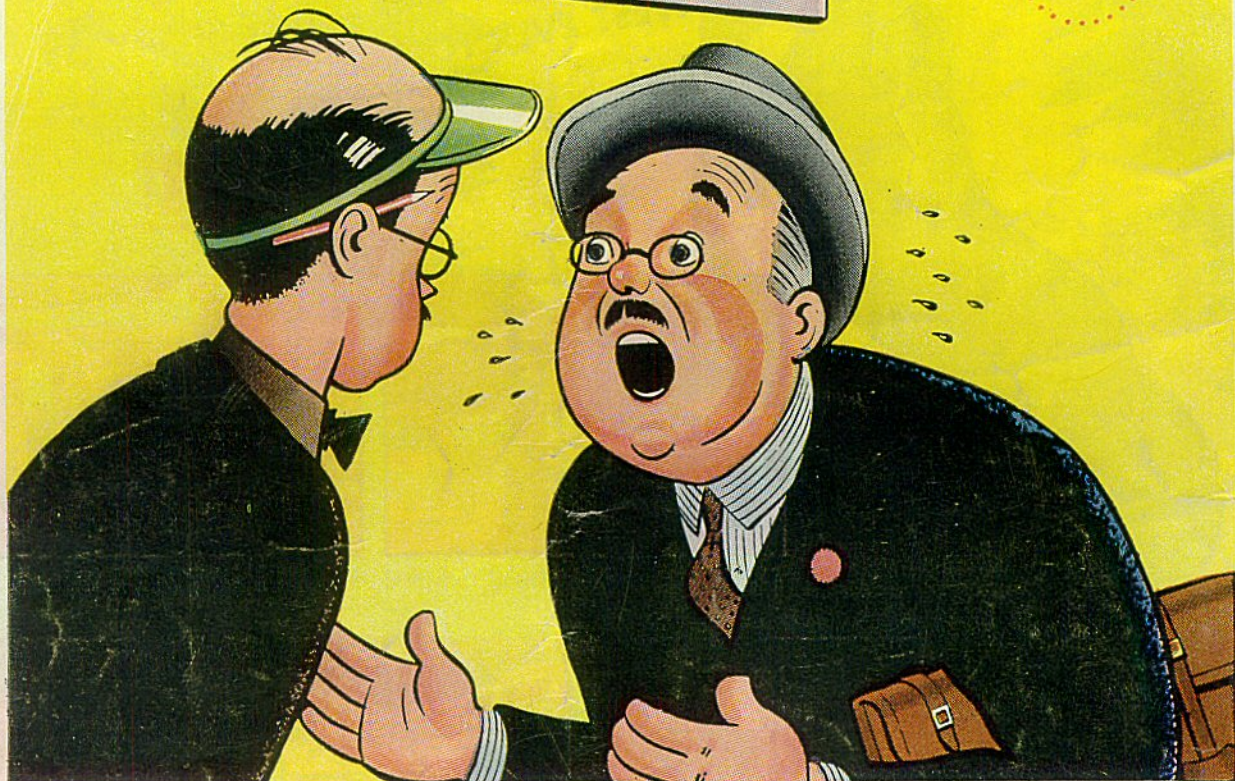
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